Bombay Gazette.

Vol. 38. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17TH 1827. No. 1950

Advertisement.

BY virtue of a Writ of Execution issued from the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay, in the cause of JEHANGEER NASSERWANJEE & NOWROJEE NASSERWANJEE, Plaintiffs, against HORMASJEE BHICAJEE MERJEE, CAWASJEE HEERJEE, and NASSERWANJEE HEERJEE trading under the name and firm of BHICAJEE MERJEE and Company, defendants, I hereby request all persons indebted to the said BHICAJEE MERJEE and Co. forthwith to pay the amount of their debts to me, or I shall give instructions to my Solicitor to proceed against them in the Supreme Court of Judicature at Bombay.

F. LEGGETT,
Deputy Sheriff

BOMBAY,
SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
3rd October 1827.

NOTICE.

[redacted]

BOMBAY, 1827.

CARD.

IT is particularly requested that the Gentlemen who have subscribed to a Memorandum in circulation regarding an Entertainment proposed to be given to a distinguished Individual leaving Bombay and those that are disposed to concur in the same (though the Memorandum may not have reached them) do meet at the Mess Room in the TOWN BARRACKS *To-morrow* at 12 o'Clock.

Wednesday. 17th October 1827.

This Day.

WEDNESDAY the 17th Instant,
FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
WILL SELL
AT THEIR ROOMS,
THE FOLLOWING GOODS
BY PUBLIC AUCTION.

SODA WATER

IN STONE BOTTLES.

CANVAS, Broad Cloth, Ironmongery, Table Cutlery, Glass Ware Richly Cut Table Girandoles, Bengal Goglets, Seidlitz and Soda powders, Wine Coolers, Carpenter's Tools of all descriptions, a Quadrant, 2 steering Compasses, cabinet Ware &c. &c.

AND AT 12 O'CLOCK.

Several double and single poled Tents, which may be seen on the Esplanade near the Apollo Gate.

Nesbit Lane, 17th October 1827.

Advertisement.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
WILL PUT UP
FOR SALE
On WEDNESDAY next the 24th Instant,

TWO Casks of Old Holland's GIN, lately imported, if not previously disposed of by private contract.

The GIN may be tasted at their Rooms on Tuesday previous to the Sale.

Nesbit Lane, 17th October 1827.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.
AN ELEGANT

PEDAL Harp with Spare Strings Price Rupees 350.

ALSO

Have an Elegant London Built Landau and Harness in excellent order for Sale on Commission PRICE Rs. 1500.

Nisbet Lane, 17th October 1827.

MESSRS. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION

A SPLENDID Copy of the Entire Works of Hogarth being genuine and Brilliant impressions from the Original Plates Restored by Heath and published by Nichols in 1822 Price Rupees..... 350

ALSO

A Tour in North Wales, with highly finished Coloured Prints of the most Picturesque Scenes in the Country..... Rs. 125
The same on small paper..... 85
Luykens Views..... 50
Views in Switzerland..... 20
Six Coloured Prints of the Burmese War 2 Series..... 30

With a variety of other interesting and valuable Works.

Nesbit Lane, 17th October 1827.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.

HAVE Remaining a few sets of the 1st Series of the BIRMESE War, —which they are authorized to dispose [illegible] They have also [illegible] the combined Operations of the [illegible] in the Birman Empire; five from the pencil of Capt. Marryat, R. N. and one by Capt. Thornton R. N.; from which Paintings have been executed by Messrs. Stothard R. A. D. Cox and G. Webster, and engraved by Mr. Pyall.

LIST OF THE SUBJECTS.

No. 1. The Attack of the Old Fort of Syriam, by Detachment under the command of Brigadier Smelt, on the 5th of August, 1824.—T. Stothard, R. A.

2 The attack of the Stockade up the Dalla Creek by a Detachment of Native Troops, under the command of Major Evans, N. I. the Sailors of H. M. S. Larne, and H. C. Gun Boats, commanded by Mr. Linguist.—T. Stothard, R. A.

3 The attack of the Birmans at Night upon the Force left to protect the Dalla Stockade, after it had been taken a second time.—D. Cox.

4. One of the Gilt War Boats captured by Capt. Chads, R. N. in his successful expedition against Tanthabeen Stockade.—T. Stothard, R. A.

5. The attack of the Negrais Stockades at the entrance of Bassien River, by H. M. S. Larne Capt. Marryat and. H. C. Cruizer, Mercury, Capt. Anderson, 26th February, 1825.—G Webster.

6. The Combined Forces under Brigadier Cotton, C. B. and Capts. Alexander, C. B. and Chads, R. N. passing the Strong Fortress of Donabue, to effect a junction with Sir A. Campbell, on the 27th of March 1827. —T. Stothard, R. A.

The Plates, which are highly interesting and full of spirit, are just finished: they form an acceptable addition to Captain Moore's Rangoon Views, with which they correspond in size, (15 inches by 12) and it is presumed the Subscribers to that Work will be disposed to possess these Six, which are now offered to Subscribers at the very moderate Price of 20 Rs. They will be advanced to Non-Subscribers, to 25.

Subscribers' names received by Messrs. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO. Bombay; where specimens may be seen.

Nisbet Lane, 17th October 1827.

GRANT DUFF'S HISTORY OF THE MAHRATTAS may be had at FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co's. 3 Vols. PRICE 30 Rs. on Commission.

Nesbit Lane, 17th October 1827.

FRITH BOMANJEE AND Co.
HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION
A FEW DOZENS OF GENUINE

SCOTCH WHISKEY,

AT 20 RUPEES PER DOZEN,

Nisbet Lane, 17th October 1827.

MESSRS. FRITH BOMANJEE AND CO.
HAVE JUST RECEIVED
A FEW PRIME

Cheshire Cheeses.

PACKED IN LEAD
PRICE PER lb. 2 RUPEES.

Nesbit Lane, 17th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs

WILL SELL
BY AUCTION
This day WEDNESDAY the 17th Instant
THE VALUABLE
PROPERTY.
OF THE LATE
LIEUT. COLONEL SCOTT.

[redacted] Jno. Manton, Single poled and [illegible] Officer's Tents, a neat Barouche pair of Arab Horses and Harness, Saddle Horse &c.

The property will be on view from Monday next and Catalogues will be published.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

TO BE SOLD
BY AUCTION
BY
MESSRS.
Higgs and Briggs.
AT
MESSRS. LUGRIN SON AND Co.'s
WAREHOUSE.

On FRIDAY the 26th and SATURDAY the 27th Instant.
AND THE
FOLLOWING MONDAY
UNTILL THE WHOLE IS DISPOSED OF

THE FOLLOWING SHOP GOODS, of the best quality, and in good order, viz.

PLATE,

Some Europe and China Silver Plate
A few Articles of Jewellery.
A variety of Plated Ware.
Smyth's Perfumery.
Bristow's Do.

Savigny's Cutlery, Writing Desks Shot Belts, Powder Flasks, Patent Shot of all numbers, Copper Caps for Detonating Guns, Razor Hones and Razor Strops, some Glass Ware, Earthen Do. Iron and Copper Tea Kettles, Spits, Pewter Beer Mugs, Cavalry Regulation Lace, Infantry Epaulets, Sword Knots, Cavalry and Infantry Regulation Swords and Sword Belts, embroidered Stars, Crowns, and Bugles, Cavalry Grey Cloth, Orange do. Russia Duck, Bicknell's Hats, Borradaile's do. Hosiery and Gloves Military and others, a variety of spare articles of Saddlery, Carriage Trimming and Carriage Lamps, Stationery, Playing Cards, Blank Books, Sea Charts, Ruled Music Paper, and some Books, Bassoon and Clarionet Reeds, Violin Pegs and Flutes and some strings, Flageolets with Books of Instruction, sets of Spare Strings for Pianos, Bengal Tables Cloths and Towels &c. &c. fresh Chinsurah Segars in Boxes, 2 pair of Six light Lustres.

WINES &c.

FRENCH CLARET,
Vin de Grave Sautern,
Very Superior Muscatel Frontigniac.
Some Liqueurs, Brandy in one dozen cases
Bottle Corks, Salted Salmon in Jars, Fish and Meat Sauces, Salad Oil, Leman's patent Biscuits in Cannisters.

For private sale, at reasonable price, excellent Old Cognac Brandy in Bottles.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,

ENCYCLOPEDIA Britannica last Edition, 26 Vols, . . Rs. 500
Shakespear's Hindustani Dictionary. 50
Gilchrist's ditto. 50
Taylor's ditto. 20
Buckingham's Travels, Robinson's Rural Architecture, Millar's English Government, Gilchrist's Dialogues &c.

BRITISH CLASSICS
NEATLY BOUND IN DUODECIMO AND TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY.

Tom Jones. Joseph Andrews, Pindar's Works, Chesterfied's [illegible] Iliad, Odyssy, Champions of [illegible] Chinese and Peruvian [illegible] Genlis, [illegible] Thoughts on and Gray, [illegible] Spectator, [illegible] Shakespear &c.

Meadows Street, 17th Oct[illegible]

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE JUST RECEIVED
FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION.

A LADY'S Gold Watch by D. and W. Morice with Gold Chain, guard, Seals and Key,.....Rs. 325
A Gold Necklace Broach and Earrings set with garnets..... 325
A Pearl and Turquois Locket..... 60
A Pair of Earrings set with Pearls and Amethysts and broach to Match..... 100
A Pair of Earrings and broach set within Turquois..... 60
A Gold rose Necklace and bracelets in Tortoiseshell box..... 300

Meadows Street, 17th October 1827.

Higgs and Briggs

HAVE FOR SALE
ON COMMISSION,
NEARLY NEW
AN ELEGANT ENGLISH BUILT
PHAETON,
A PAIR OF CAPITAL
GREY ARABS,
SEVEN YEARS OLD,
AND A SET OF NEAT NEW
BRASS MOUNTED
HARNESS,
PRICE Rs. 3000.

Meadows Street, 17th October 1827.

NOTICE.

MESSRS. BALCRISTNA AND GOPAL.
ASSIGNEES TO THE LATE FIRM OF
BAXTER AND CO.

BEG leave to call the attention of parties indebted to the above late firm, whose accounts are not in a train of liquidation, to the repeated applications for an adjustment made to them, both by the late Mr. BAXTER. and subsequently by the Assignees, and to request that they will be good enough either to discharge their accounts, or to make arrangements for the gradual liquidation of the same, without further delay. The embarrasments of the Estate, a[illegible]

circumstances represented to the parties of the distress which their protracted delay occasions, leave the Assignees no alternative but proceeding at law against all who after this notice shall continue to withhold payment of their debts; and the Assignees are therefore under the necessity of intimating that all accounts which are not discharged or in a train of payment, before the 31st December next, will be put into the Solicitor's hands for recovery without further hesitation.

(3) *Bombay, 17th October* 1827.

FOR SALE,

ON COMMISSION,

AT

T. MATHIES'S.

A SUPERIOR Second hand Sextant Complete by Troughton; PRICE Rs. 150.

No. 7 FORBES STREET,

15th October 1827.

FOR SALE.

AT THE

GODOWNS,

OF

Messrs. Forbes and Co.

A FEW remaining half Chests of Superior Loudon Particular MADEIRA WINE, sent to England in 1813, and Brought back in Bottle, at Rs. 30 per Dozen.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

For Sale,

AT THE

GODOWNS

OF

Messrs. Remington Crawford and Co.

A FEW Pipes of very fine Old London Particular MADEIRA, imported per Mary, at Rs. 700 per Pipe, from Nantes, Gordon, Murdoch and Scott, also very Superior CLARET of the Vintage 1822 direct from Messrs. Sneyd, French and Barton of Dublin, in six and three Dozen Cases, at Rs. 40 per Dozen.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

A FEW Cases of "Ruinart's" highly esteemd "Razon Margo" Claret of of 1822" have just been received for Sale at Messrs. SHOTTON MALCOLM AND Co's. Office at Rs. 45 per dozen.

AND

A few Cases remaining of "Brown's" Lafitte and Margeaux Claret at 25 Rs. per do.

Bombay 17th October 1827.

TO SAIL

POSITIVELY ON THE 25TH NOVEMBER,

FOR LONDON DIRECT.

THE FINE FAST SAILING COPPERED *and Copper fastened Ship*

BOLTON, A. 1.

600 TONS

John Clarkson

COMMANDER,

(LATE OF THE CUMBRIAN.)

HAS very superior accommodation for Passengers, and carries an experienced Surgeon.—For particulars enquire of Captain CLARKSON at the Office of Messrs. REMINGTON CRAWFORD AND CO.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

Passage to London,

TO SAIL

ON THE 1ST DECEMBER.

AND WILL TOUCH,

AT THE CAPE,

The Katherine Stewart Forbes,

Capt. Ingram Chapman,

HAS very superior accommodation for Passengers, and carries a Surgeon.

Apply to Captain CHAPMAN, at the Office of Messrs. FORBES AND Co. where Plans of the Cabins may be seen.

Bombay, 17th October 1827.

FOR SALE

AT THE

GAZETTE OFFICE,

BLANK BILLS of Exchange.
Powers of Attorney.
Interest and Respondentia Bonds.
Policies of Insurances.
Bills of Lading.
and
Price Currents.

Bombay 17th October 1827.

GENERAL ORDERS.

By the Hon'ble the Governor in Council.

BOMBAY CASTLE, 4TH OCTOBER 1827

No. 328 of 1827.—In consideration of the peculiar merits of the late Subedar Shaik Adam, of the 5th Regiment N. I. the Honorable the Governor in Council is pleased, as a special case, to grant his family a pension at the rate prescribed by the Regulations, from the date of the Subedar's death.

Bombay Castle, 5th October 1827.

No. 329 of 1827.—Major William Morison, of the 18th Regiment N. I. is allowed a furlough to Europe for the recovery of this health for three years from the date of his embarkation, and the leave granted to that officer on private affairs by General Order of the 2d instant (No. 326) is cancelled.

Bombay Castle, 6th October 1827.

No. 330 of 1827.—Captain R. Campbell, of the 21st Regiment N. I. is appointed to the charge of the Commissariat Department in Cutch during the absence of Captain Long, on leave at the Presidency, on the responsibility of the latter officer.

Bombay Castle, 8th October 1827.

No 331 of 1827.—Captain H. G. Roberts, of the 13th Regiment N. I. comg. the Escort attached to the Resident in Cutch, is permitted to visit Deckan, on urgent private affairs for a period of three months

Bombay Castle, 9th October 1827.

No. 332 of 1827.—At the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief the following arrangements for brigading the Field Force now in the Dooab are confirmed, and to have effect from the date of the junction of the troops composing the force.

Artillery.

C. Trooa, 2d Brigade Madras Horse Artillery;
G, Company of Golundauze Battalion,
Major W. F. Brett, to command
Lieutenant T. Whirther to be adjutant.

Cavalry Brigade.

4th Regiment of Madras Light Cavalry.
7th Ditto. ditto ditto
Lieutenant Colonel S. Martin, to command,
Captain A. Kerr, 7th Regiment, to be Brigade Major.
Lieut. T. Anderson, 4th Regt. to be Brigade Quarter Master.

1st Infantry Brigade.

His Majesty's 41st Regiment of Foot.
49th Regiment Madras N. I.
Lieutenant Colonel M. Riddell to command,
Captain G. Hutchinson, (Brigade Major at Kulladgee) to be Bridage Major,
Lieutenant E. Roberts 49th Regiment, to be Brigade Quarter Master.

2d Infantry Brigade.

1st Bombay European Regiment.
23d Regiment Madras Light Infantry.
Flank Companies 44th Regiment Madras N. I.
Lieutenant Colonel E. Frederick to command,
Captain T. Welland, 23d Regt. to be Brigade Major.
Captain (Baron) Kutzlebeu, 44th Regt. to be Brigade Quarter Master.

Bombay Castle, 9th October 1827.

No. 333 of 1827.—The undermentioned temporary appointments are confirmed at the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

Captain J. Pocock of the 3d Regiment N. I to act as Inspector of Hill Forts in the Deccan during the employment of Captain A. W. Browne on regimental duty.

Lieutenant W. Cavaye, of the 21st Regiment N. I. to take charge of the Brigade Major's Office in Cutch, on the departure of Captain Aitchison, to join the troops in the Southern Concan.

Lieutenant D. M. Scobie, of the 14th Regiment N. I. to act as Brigade Major in the Southern Concan until the arrival of the officer appointed to the station

Lieutenant G. Stirling, of His Majesty's 2d (or Queen's Royal) Regiment of Foot, to act as Adjutant to the Light Battalion formed at Poona, vice Johnson promoted to a company.

Lieutenant J. H. Chalmers, of the 4th Regiment N. I. to act as Adjutant to the Wing proceeding on field service while detached from head quarters.

Bombay Castle, 9th October 1827.

No 334 of 1827.—The following appointments are made on the recommendation of His Excellency the Commander in Chief.

1st or Grenadier Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant R. Slark to be Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee Languages,—Date of appointment 1st October 1827.

25th Regiment Native Infantry.

Lieutenant H. C. Teasdale to be Quarter Master and Interpreter in the Hindoostanee language,—Do. do.

No. 335 of 1827.—Assistant Surgeon A. Grigor, who proceeded to Calcutta with a detachment of His Majesty's 3d Buffs, has been permitted by the Supreme Government to remain at that Presidency for a period of one month on sick certificate.

Bombay Castle, 9th October 1827.

No. 336 of 1827.—Captain J. Sutherland, of the 2d Regiment Light Cavalry, 1st Assistant to the Resident at Delhi, has been appointed by the Supreme Government to command the Nizam's Reformed Horse, in succession to the late Major Davies.

By Order of the Hon'ble the Governor in Council

W. NEWNHAM,

Chief Sec. to Govt.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette,

SIR,

The Legend herewith sent is taken down with very little variation from the mouth of an old man in the part of Scotland where the scene is laid.

Since the publication of "Waverly" public attention has been a good deal drawn to traditionary and legendary *lore*; so that perhaps the above TALE might TELL in the Gazette. Of this, however, you are the best judge.

It is of course in the Scottish dialect and if you think any of the words too hard or uncommon you can alter them for English.

I am,

Your obliged servt.

JASPER.

THE LAST OF THE COLLEANS

A LEGEND OF

THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

"Something ails it now, the place is curst."

It was on a most beautiful summer-forenoon, sometime in the year 1815, that I was walking along the sea coast in that district of Ayrshire called Kyle. It was midday—the sun was shining in all his glory, uneclipsed by any envious cloud, and clothed all nature in a robe of gold—On the hills above me I could discern flocks of sheep which diminished by distance looked like so many white stones—here and there the long tracts of brownish heather were relieved by a spot of broom—or perchance a field of grain on which the reapers had just commenced their toils—and the sea was calm as glass, and still as a sheet of ice, save when now and then a sportive fish leaped up, sending long continued circles from it when it descended.

As I wandered on in a musing mood I found myself by a sudden turn all at once close to a ruined Castle—It could hardly be called ruined either—the walls were entire and the roof still remained, but it bore all the marks of speedy decay. The windows were broken—grass and weed grew wherever they could find a footing—here and there appeared the shoot of some young tree, an ash or birch, on the wall—and the swallows flying out and in, showed they were the undisturbed possessors.

I sat down on a point of the rock on which the building stood, and began to think with some feelings of pain on the scene of desolation before me—when I was suddenly addressed in the following strain by some one behind, "Guid morning freend, yeer taking "a look at the auld hoose na doot."

On turning round I beheld an old man leaning his chin on a large pike staff. He had on one of those broad round caps called Kilmarnoch bonnets from the place of their manufactory—A light blue coat which reached to his heels with buttons of the dimensions of a dollar, and gray small clothes, or as they are called in that part of the country "*knee breeks.*"

There was something in his countenance which at once arrested my attention—It was one of those old fashioned "gash" faces which Walter Scott delights to paint—the nose prominent and hooked—the chin upcurled so as almost to touch it—and the deep furrows of his nostrils strongly embrowned with copious and long continued torrents of liquified snuff

After the usual compliments I said to him, "can you tell me any thing about this build-"ing, it does not look as if long deserted?" At these words he assumed an air of solemnity, and said in an altered tone—"It is a sad "story but it is true and soon told.—Come "your WAUS [1] and sit ye down on this bonny "green *know*" [2] among the blue bells and *go-"wans* [3], and I will tell you how Colleau Cas-"tle is without an inhabitant save the fowls "of heaven this day."

When we were fairly seated, and when he had refreshed his memory with a long continued pinch of snuff he commenced as follows. I set it down in his own dialect because a translation would, like all other translations, greatly weaken the original effect.

"It was I think sometime in the year "seventeen hunder and thirty sax—it may "be a year less or mair—for my memory's "no sae guid as it ance was, that the Laird "O'Collean fell ill o' some grievous trouble, "and naen o' the docters could tell what it "was.—He had a host [4] which never de-"vauled [5] night or morning—and he used to "skreech oot noo and then that his waem [6] "was in a low [7]."—

"But I should first hae told you, that "Collean was a man famed ow'r a' the kintry "side for his wickedness and profanity—I "hae heard tell that in a fit o' drink he "brunt the bible, and ae nicht he swapped [8] "his soul with the foul thief [9] for a cask "o' auld Jamaica Rum, which was to last "as lang's he leeved—Of this I canna speak "to the truth—but ae thing's certain, that "from that time to the day o' his death he "was never twa hours sober—His constant "amusement was in making a mock o' sa-"cred things and holy men—he would as "sune hae touched his hat to the Glasgow "hangman as to the minister, and he had "na been in the Kirk for saxty years or "mair."—

"Weel, as I said before, he fa's ill, and "naebody can tell what ails him—aen "said ae thing and anither said anither; "but it was evident to a' sober folk, that it "was the hand o' God that was pressing "upon him for his wickedness.—We a' thocht "it was a warning for him to gi'e up his "sins—but, did he repent? de'il a bit—he "was LIKE THE TOD'S WHELP, AY THE "LANGER THE WAUR, as the auld proverb "says—Instead o' reading his bible and say-"ing his prayers, he roared nicht and day "for drink, crying that he was lost to "eternity, and it was as weel to enjoy "while he had it—puir misguided heathen!

"He lingered oot in this state for the "better o' twa weeks, till ae nicht (I'll ne'e "forget it sae lang's I leeve) he grew wor-"and worse—he roared like a demented "body [10] that the deil was comin for him in a "fiery coach, and skreeched for some body "to rin for the Minister."—

Weel Sir, ye man'ken that the Minister in "thae days lived three miles a-yont [11] your "farm house—so that it was sometime a-"fore [12] a man could get there.—A'tween "the while [13] an awfu' storm got up a' o' a "sudden for it was calm as this moment just "before—it thunnered and lichtned as if the "day o' judgment were at haun—the auld-"dest folk said they neer saw the like o't."—

"Ye see that auld sapless stump lying there! "It was rooted up by the storm that nicht—"It ance was the bonniest tree atween this "and Renfrew; but some said that the Laird "had cut out his name on't, whilk [14] was "the cause o' its destruction—saying as plain "as o'cht, that a' memorials o' sic a wretch "were to perish frae aff the face o' the "earth.

"Noo, what I am gaun [15] to tell is as "true as death—and naething can be truer "than that.—My mither was out gatherin a "peet [16] or twa for to boil our sowans [17] "and just as she was stooping she heard "something whurring [18] by her lug [19].—She "lookit up thinking may be it was the dog "rinnin after the ducks; and there she saw "as plain as I see this snuff mill [20] a muckle "black beast, something like a howlet [21] "but ten times bigger, fleeing like shot for "the castle, where it perched at ance on "the window o' the laird's room, an' there it "sat, wi' een like twa burnin peats, clapping "its muckle black wings, and moaning "like a drowning man till a' was ow'r."

"In the mean time the Laird was like ane "demented—he rolled about in the bed as if "he was lying on het ashes—an' aye keeping "up the roar for the minister".—

"At last he cam—and a' the folk were sent "oot o' the room.—But he had hardly been "wi' him as lang as ye wad tak to say, Jack "Robinson, when up gets a cry as if the "wa's were fa'in [22] in; an' the minister roars "oot for help, crying that the Laird was in "the dead thrawe [23]—Weel, they burst into "the room, and there was Collean sitting "stock stiff up in the bed glowring [24] at the "howlet.—By the side o' the bed was the mi-"nister's bible a' torn, and the laird had some "o' the leaves clunched in his hauns—A' o' a "sudden a sort o' glazing cam ow'r his een—"he gied a gurly nicher [25] as if some ane "was throttling him, crying D——n ye "tak it—and having said this, he fell back in "a moment, a cauld corpse."

"As he was a kind o' leading man in that "part, there was a gatherin, o' a [26] the gen-"try round aboot, at his burial There was "McGaun o' Tarlokey.—Shaw o' Bargauan—"Given o' the Mains—Nicol o' Glenholen, "and mony mair wham I hae forgotten.—

"A' gaed on very weel till they cam to the "kirk yard (yonder it's wi' the link and "saugh trees aboot it) then a' o' a sudden the "horses stood stiff still, and swat and shook "like aspins—I saw this wi' my ain een, for I "was standing on the wee angels' head aboon "the yet [27] at the time—They tried every "thing to make them move but in vain—so "they had to carry the coffin a guid bit to "the grave—tho' mony scunnered at this, for "he stunk like a broke".—

"Weel, Sir, just when they laid it on the "sticks aboon the grave, it grew sae heavy "that it brak them like rotten twigs, and "haurreled Auld Jock Moitcloth, the Beddle, "in after it—by the which he sprained his "shoother—doited Auld deeval?"—

"Such was the end o' the Laird o' Collean "and his family, and sin' that day the castle "has been desolate as ye see it.—If ye just "come this way I'll show you the wunnock [28] "whar the howlet sat."

JASPER.

[1] Come along, [2] Hillock, [3] Daisies, [4] Cough [5] Ceased, [6] Abdomen, [7] Flame, [8] Bartered, [9] Name given to Satan, [10] Mad person, [11] Beyond, [12] Before, [13] In the interim. [14] Which, [15] About, [16] Turf dug from the morass and dried for fuel, [17] A peculiar and light kind of porridge, [18] Whirring, [19] Ear, [20] Box, [21] An owl, [22] Falling, [23] Death convulsions, [24] Wildly staring, [25] Rattling exclamation, [26] Assemblage, [27] Gates, [28] Window place.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

SIR,

In the Courier of the 1st September last, is a letter Signed Vindex—there are some curious passages in this letter worthy of the attention of the public, not only as affecting the characters, of Mr. Erskine, [illegible] His Majesty's Court of Justice at Bombay, but also as seriously affecting the character of Vindex himself.—I have delayed till now, any notice of this production, under the impression, that some other member of society, better acquainted with the facts and particulars of the case, would have stepped forward to put the question fairly and truly before the public.—Vindex has sufficiently established, that to require justice from him would be a hopeless expectation;—He has shewn himself well qualified to espouse the

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of every dishonest man who may be with him in the bonds of friendship, ormity of sentiment; his gentlemanly tion of the Lie, well becomes the ter of Vindex; he will find however, no man possessing the feelings of a leman, can approve of such base and ading language: If he fancies, he is dis- ing chivalrous sentiments, by such in- natory epithets, I can tell him that he deceiving himself;—if Mr. Buckingham been upon the spot, to defend himself, re would have existed less reason for re- rehension, but it is not likely that shot can be exchanged at the distance of 11,000 miles, —but the reasoning by which Vindex has endeavoured to stigmatise Mr. Buckingham is well suited, to the rest of the fallacies and contemptible ignorance which pervades the whole of that letter,—Vindex has every rea- son *to believe* that Mr. B. himself received a copy of the pamphlet he alludes to, and *therefore* Mr. B. is a liar---Do not conceive I am defending that Gentleman: he may, or may not be guilty of the imputation with which he is charged; but the language ap- plied is base; it taints the lips from whence it issues, and is a test of the low vulgarity of the mind in which it is engendered;---At present I have little to say;---My sole ob- ject is to give publicity to a certain docu- ment as the foundation for future arguments and observations---That paper will speak for itself, and establishes pretty clearly by a rule of three question that Mr. Erskine's robberies upon the public exceeded 2,000 monthly---I agree with Vindex that he was deprived of lucrative appointments without a trial by Jury not of Rs. 23,000, but of about Rs. 60,000 per annum!!---take the average number of causes in Mr. Erskines time to be 60 monthly (the average of the present [illegible] monthly) the rule then is simpl[illegible] since 1832 Rs. what w[illegible] 000 monthl[illegible] same [illegible] will co[illegible] tion [illegible] fees sa[illegible] —to t[illegible] Receip[illegible]

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635	[illegible] rdesh C.	"	Gowrea M.	82	2	0				
657	Dewjee K.	"	Tanoo S. K.	95	3	0	73	1		
660	Nathoo J.	"	Shamjee M.	140	3	0	69	1	0	71
196	Annajee L. &c.	"	Dewjee B. G.	80	3	0	35	2	0	45
204	Manowjee P. &c.	"	Bhewrey, Widow.	76	2	0	39	3	0	36
235	Aga R. bin M. B.	"	Vukutchund D. &c.	98	2	0	38	3	0	57
243	Macockjee N. W. &c.	"	Merwanjee N.	65	0	0	36	0	0	29
535	Ramjee R.	"	Ruttonbae, Widow.	112	1	0	51	1	0	61
556	Hormazjee T.	"	Khooshall G.	70	3	0	30	3	0	40
626	Ragowjee R.	"	Curseljee B.	98	2	0	52	0	0	46
43	Esmail C. &c.	"	Hassum S. O.	102	2	0	50	3	0	51
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[illegible] is oppressed people, [illegible] he British expedition was [illegible] n ally from aggression —from an aggression undertaken for the re-es- tablishment in Portugal of a similar despotism to that which had already been restored in Spain by a similar military outrage,—con- trasting, we say, the spirit and design of these two armaments by France and England, we do aver, that no instance of moderation or humi- lity in politics ever exceeded that which was displayed by the British Government, in consen- ting to put the two departures of French troops from Spain, and of English from Portu- gal, on an equal footing, whether of argument or action. Now, however, our correspondents informs us, that France has retracted her con- sent, and refuses to execute the measure stipulated, by withdrawing her troops in Oc- tober.

For this breach of compact two causes are alleged:—

1st, a distrust of the "unsettled" state of Portugal;

2d, a distrust of the views entertained by the Liberal Ministry of Mr. CANNING.

With regard to the state of Portugal, the "unsettled" condition of which country is talked of as one of the French justifications of breach of faith, what are we to understand by it? If the illness of the REGENT, and the fatal consequences anticipated by the last ac- counts, are what constitute the "unsettle- ment" of the kingdom, let us ask, has not the Constitutional Charter provided another Re- gent? What is there so unsettled in this? We can indeed conceive such a project to be me- ditated with regard to Portugal, as has been within these four years realized against Spain —namely, that of provoking disorders, and then alleging them as a pretext for the just- fication of military interference. Don MIGU- EL becomes of age next October. Is it con- templated to enforce his usurpation to the throne or Regency, by the bayonets of a com- bined army of French men and Spaniards? We hope not. It would be what Lord LIVER- POOL calls "too bad" if a French cabinet were first to disturb the Spanish nation, making the artificial disturbance so existing a plea for war against its victim, and next to follow up the like game against Portugal, by employing the same arts and the same arms for the subjugation of that kingdom, also, to the joint schemes of the two BOURBON Prin- ces dominant at each side of the Pyrenees.

We are aware that iniquitous and extensive intrigues have been carried on within those

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It may be necessary for us, to explain, in respect to our promise to insert all correspondence on this painful subject;—The Government on the appearance of the above mentioned letters intimated to the Editor of the Courier and a corresponding notice was sent to us, that, though the freest liberty should be given to publishing replies to these letters, yet it was expected that the discussion in respect to an "alleged correspondence "between the Hon'ble the Governor and a "Hight Judicial Authority" should there end.

This topic certainly forms a leading feature in both letters; but as Giovanni does not in the slightest manner touch upon it, we believe that the arguments in his letter form nevertheless fair debateable ground.

telligence has reached us from the Con- London contemporary, which cannot alto- we speak of It has been un- in the political either signed or

is oppressed people, the British expedition was simply to protect an ally from aggression —from an aggression undertaken for the re-establishment in Portugal of a similar despotism to that which had already been restored in Spain by a similar military outrage,—contrasting, we say, the spirit and design of these two armaments by France and England, we do aver, that no instance of moderation or humility in politics ever exceeded that which was displayed by the British Government, in consenting to put the two departures of French troops from Spain, and of English from Portugal, on an equal footing, whether of argument or action. Now, however, our correspondents informs us, that France has retracted her consent, and refuses to execute the measure stipulated, by withdrawing her troops in October.

For this breach of compact two causes are alleged:—

1st, a distrust of the "unsettled" state of Portugal;

2d, a distrust of the views entertained by the Liberal Ministry of Mr CANNING.

With regard to the state of Portugal, the "unsettled" condition of which country is talked of as one of the French justifications of breach of faith, what are we to understand by it? If the illness of the REGENT, and the fatal consequences anticipated by the last accounts, are what constitute the "unsettlement" of the kingdom, let us ask, has not the Constitutional Charter provided another Regent? What is there so unsettled in this? We can indeed conceive such a project to be meditated with regard to Portugal, as has been within these four years realized against Spain —namely, that of provoking disorders, and then alleging them as a pretext for the justification of military interference. Don MIGUEL becomes of age next October. Is it contemplated to enforce his usurpation to the throne or Regency, by the bayonets of a combined army of French men and Spaniards? We hope not. It would be what Lord LIVERPOOL calls "too bad" if a French cabinet were first to disturb the Spanish nation, making the artificial disturbance so existing a plea for war against its victim, and next to follow up the like game against Portugal, by employing the same arts and the same arms for the subjugation of that kingdom, also, to the joint schemes of the two BOURBON Princes dominant at each side of the Pyrenees.

We are aware that iniquitous and extensive intrigues have been carried on within those

three months for the embarrassment of Mr. CANNING, who is the dread and hate of every absolute Government in Europe, and of some which are aspiring to be absolute. We are not sure that such intrigues have been confined to London, or to England itself. A false step, like that which is now attributed to M. VILLELE, in the violation of his solemn pledge to respect henceforth the rights of independent nations, might, perchance, have been contrived as one mode of annoyance and distress to the British Minister. If so, it will inevitably fail Mr. CANNING will not now be trifled with, as he was in 1822 and 1823; nor will the King of ENGLAND submit to be menaced by foreigners into the nomination of a Ministry which might serve their unprincipled projects, any more than HIS MAJESTY has submitted to be bullied by those of his own subjects who have been charged with a parallel design.

The fact is, that the Constitutional spirit has become too strong in Spain to be kept down by the power of FERDINAND; and almost too eager to be checked by the supercilious and unnatural coldness of the British Government. FERDINAND, and FERDINAND's friends at Paris, feel what would be the consequence, were the troops of the Apostolical party in France to be withdrawn. It would not surprise us, therefore, if, in their desperation, some attempts more wild and intolerable than we have yet witnessed, were to be hazarded ere long against the Portuguese independence. We shall just add, that if submission will give England any certain tenure of continued peace, let her submit, with the best grace she can, to swallow a second dose of duplicity from M. de VILLELE. But if Mr. CANNING thinks that firmness is at once the best mender of reputations, and the most successful maker both of peace and war, we pray him to be firm. He has the British empire with him. Count OFALIA, who had possibly willing listeners in France to his arguments for prolonging the French occupation of his country, is said to be on his way to England, to talk over simple Ministers, and to reconcile *them* to this juggle.

Mr. Thomas Alexander Fraser who has succeeded to the Lovat Estates appeared by his Attorney in the House of Lords on the 31st May to claim the Baronial title of Lovat as a lineal descendant of the second son of the only son of Hugh the fifth Lord Lovat who died in 1554—The case was postponed until the 7th June when the Roscommon Peerage case will be considered.

The brief and unsatisfactory intelligence as to the state of Greece contained in Saturday se'nnight's Courier, revived with us the memory of a rumour that Athens had altogether fallen into the hand of the Turks, when they had taken the City and the Piraeus, tho' not the Acropolis.—The citadel still holds on, and the desperate attack on the Piraeus by the Greeks, mentioned in our last, was made with a view to relieve their fellow countrymen who have been so long pent up within its walls.—

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—Lieut A Shipheard, 24th Regt.
Ensign F. Vallant, 24th do.
Lieut. J. Campbell, 2d Gr.
Lieut. J. Wright, 3d Regt.
Surg. J. G. Moyle.
Ensign, R. D Stuard, 11th Regt.
Ensign H. C. Morse, 8th Regt.
Captain W. Wilkinson, 12th Rt.
Lieut. S. J. Stevens, 21st Regt.
Capt George B. Aitchison, Major of Brigade
DEPARTURES.—Captain Wm. Foquett, 20th Regt.
Asst. Surg Thos. Stewart, 3d Regt.
Capt. W. Stirling, 2d Extra Bn.
Capt T. N. Stockne.
Lieut. F. B. Fortune, Adjt. V. B.
Lt. E. Skipper, 7th Regt. N. I.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE
AND NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVALS.—Oct. 8th Portuguese, Ketch of War Illustre Zargo, apt. R. E. Monturo, from Demaun.
DEPARTURES.—9th Ship Arethusa, James Haly, Com. to Madras and Calcutta.
14th Brig Pomona, (Free Trader) Robt. Highat, Com. to Liverpool.
Passenger by Pomona.—Lieut. J. Graham, 2d Gr. Rt.

SHIPS LOADING.

English.—Bolton, for London.
Competitor, for ditto.
Clairmont, for Persian Gulph.

CALCUTTA.

SHIPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

SEPTEMBER—21. Ship Mellish, A. Vincent, from Singapore and Penang the 15th August
— Ship Jehangeer, P. Roy, from Bussorah the 9th July, Bushire, and Bombay the 29th August.
— American ship Emerald, A. Heard, from Boston the 7th June.
— Ship Lady East, C. S. Evans, from London the 20th Febuary, Lisbon the 4th May, and Madras the 4th September.
— Arab ship Fast-ul-Mein, Nacoda, from Muscat the 20th August.
SEPT.—24. The English Ship Resource, Captain B. Fenn, from London 5th April, Cape of Good Hope 9th July, and Madras 9th September.
The English Ship Eliza, Captain A. Dixon, from London 6th May.
The English Brig Crisis, Captain J. Peabody, from Liverpool 19th May.
The English Ship Francis Warden, Captain W. Webster, from Bombay 5th September.
The English Ship Hydery, Captain E. D. O. Eales, from Persian Gulph 29th July, and Bombay 5th September.
The Arab Ship Fattle Mobarruck, Abdullah, from Muscat 23d August

Passengers per ship Mellish, Captain A. Vincent, from Singapore:—Mrs. Taylor and children; and Lieutenant Dormer, H. M.'s 14th Regiment.—*From Penang*—W. Blunt, Esq; Colonel Poole, B. N. I.; Major Costly—Mallet, Esq. Civil Service; Major Pattle, B. L. Cavalry; Mrs. Liddle and Mr. Liddle.

Per ship Jehangeer, Captain P. Roy, from Bombay: Messrs. D. Dorabjee and NasWanjee Rustumjee.

Per American Ship Emerald, Captain A. Heard, from Boston:—Mrs. Stones; Mrs. Allen; Messrs. Cyrus, Stones and Allen, Missionaries; and Miss Cynthia Farras.

Per ship Lady East, Captain C. S. Evans, from London:—Mrs. C. Evans George Watson, and Charles Allen, Esqrs. writers; Cadets George Hutchins, G. C. Kerr.—Hay, G. Tobbs, and William Woodfoot; Messrs. T. Thompson, and A. B. Sheppard, free merchants; Mr William Lindsay, Veterinary Surgeon; and Mr. J. P. Dowling.

Per Resource from London.—Mrs. Baker and 2 Children; Misses Jane Houlton and Louisa Houlton; Messrs John Baker, Assistant Surgeon, Edward Smith, Writer, and Wm. Smith Engineer, Cadet.—*From Cape.*—Lieut. Col. John Vaughan, Fort Major and Mr. S. Lightfoot, Assistant Surgeon, H. M.'s 47th Regt. of Foot.

Per Frances Warden from Bombay.—Mrs. Carr; Mrs. Morgan; Miss L. C. Morgan; Lieut Bruce, H. M.'s 3d Buffs; Assistant Surgeon Smith, 31st N. I.; Messrs. R. Craggs and George Reid.

Per Hydery from Persian Gulph.—Mr. Wm. Robinson, Mariner;—*From Bombay.*—J. C. Cartwright, Esq. Civil Service and Captain Wilson Artillery,

DEPARTURES.

SEPTEMBER.—21. Brig Virginia,—Hullock, for Bombay.
— Brig Maria, W. Strong, for Penang.
— The English Ship Ann, Captain W. Adler. for Mauritius.

REMARKS.

The H. C. ships Repulse, Herefordshire, Bridgewater, and Lowther Castle, left Singapore on the 10th and 13th August; the Kellie Castle passed Anjeer on the 4th August; the H. C. ships Duke of York, Bombay, and Hythe passed Malacca on the 10th August; the H. C. ships Farquharson, General Kyd, and Atlas, left at Penang on the 20th August.

The ship Mellish spoke the ship Dona Carmelitta off the Caremans, on the 6th August.

Passengers by brig Maria, Captain C. Gardner, for Amherst Town and Rangoon:—Captain Peters.

By brig Isabella, Captain Parker, for London:—Robert Molyneux, Esq. Surgeon; and Peter Perrie, Esq.

MADRAS.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS.

SEPT. 27.— Ship Venilia, Capt. W. Walmsley, from London the 28th May.
— Brig Skylark, Capt. T. S. Symers, from Bimlipatam the 28th August.
30th.— Ship Clyde, D. N. Munro, from London 10th, Madeira 23d June and Cape 19th August.
— Brig Grecian, J. Allen, from London 7th May, and Madeira 2d June
OCT. 2.— La Corretta, de S. M. T. C. Cheorette, Fabies, from Pondicherry.
3d.— Ship Eleonor, C. Tabor, from Masulipatam 25th September.

Passengers per Ship Munro for Madras.—Mrs. Backhouse, and child, Mrs. Rowlandson, Misses Parsons and Daly; Rev. P. P. Schaffter, Church Missionary, Captain O'Keeffe, Paymaster H. M. 48th Regt.; Captain Backhouse, 6th M. N. I. Lieut Rowlandson, 32d do.; Mr. H. G. Graham, Assist. Surgeon Messrs. E. Martin, J. Crawford, P. Mears, and C. Freese, Cadets.

For Calcutta.—Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Phillips, Mrs Sedgley, Miss Watson, Miss Sophia Watson, Captain Isaacs; Mr. O. Turner, Cadet; Mr. Cropper, of the Baptist Missionary Society; Mr. Sedgley, Veterinary Surgeon.

Passengers by the Brig Grecian.—Mr. D. Gibson.

DEPARTURES.

SEPT. 29.— Brig Belle Alliance, J. C. Oorloff. for Pondicherry and Columbo.
—30th Ship Lady Macnaghton, W. Faith, for Calcutta.
Oct. —2d. H. C. Ship Prince Charlotte, of Wales, C. Biden, for Calcutta.
Ship L'Europe, Frion, for Pondicherry.

LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE ROADS.

H. M. Ship Champion, Captain J. F. Studdart.
Ship James Sibbald, aptain J. K. Forbes.
Ship Venillia, Capsain W. Walmsley.
Ship Clyde, Captain D. N. Munro.
Ship La Corvette S. M. F. G. La Chevrette, Captain Fabris.
Ship L'Asie, Captain Ducros.
Ship Coromandel, Captain Labal.
Bark Enterprize, Captain W. H. Edmonds.
Ship Eleanor, Captain C. Tabor.
Brig Hottentol, R. Sinclair.
Brig Louisa, Captain R. Harris.
Brig Emelia, Captain Dufoy.
Brig Regia, Captain C. Kail.
Brig Skylark, Captain F. L. Symers.
Brig Grecian, Captain J. Allen.

MARRIAGES, BIRTHS, AND DEATHS.

BOMBAY.

MARRIAGES.—At St. Thomas's Church, on Thursday the 4th Inst. by the Revd. Thos Carr, Captain Frederick Hickes, of the 4th Regt. N. I. Commanding the Marine Battalion, to Anne Barlow, second daughter of Richard Foquett, Esq. of Clatterford, in the Isle of Wight.

BIRTHS.—At Rutnagiree, on the 8th Instant, the Lady of L. R. Reid, Esq. of the Civil Service of a daughter.

DEATHS.—At Bombay, on the 8th Oct Lt. Col. H. M. Scott, Major in H. M. 8th Regt. and Commanding the Garrison of Bombay, eldest Son of the late Lt. Col. W. Scott, of the same Regt. By this melancholy event his Widow and Daughter are left to lament their irreparable loss. This distinguished officer was born in the year 1779. In 1793, at the early age of 14 he entered the Service as Ensign in the 4th Foot. In the year following he exchanged into the 9th Regt. then commanded by his Father, and was promoted to Lieut. in 1796, he proceeded with the 9th to Ireland, where he was actively employed during the suppression of the Rebellion of 1798. On the embarkation of the Regt. for North America in the ensuing year, he obtained a Company by purchase and continued in Canada, till 1805, when the Regt. was ordered to England. In 1807 he sailed with the Regt. to Gibraltar, from which he shortly after embarked with it on the Expedition which made a landing at Mondego Bay. He was present in the Actions of Rolleia and Vimiera under Sir A. Wellesley and subsequently joined the Army under Sir J. Moore with which he underwent the fatigues and privations which attended the disastrous retreat on Corunna. The Regt. had hardly landed in England when it was ordered to form part of the expedition then fitting out against Walcheren—in that unhealthy climate he suffered so severely from the Fever, that the injurious effects were occasionally felt through the remainder of his life. On the return of the Expedition he obtained the promotion of Brevet Major. From 1810 to 1812 he remained with the Regt. in Ireland from which he embarked at Cork for the Peninsula, was present at the Battle of Vittoria in all the operations of the 7th. Division in the Pyrenees, and when the Regt. so highly distinguished itself in carrying the Heights of Echellar, which affair elicited the particular notice of the Duke of Wellington, and which was communicated in General Orders—he was also present at the Actions of the Nive and Nivelle and had the honour of commanding the Regt. in the battle of Orthes, for which he received a medal and promotion to Lt. Col. in the Army,—he assisted in the operations which followed against the remains of the French Army on the Garronne, and Dordogue—On the Regt. proceeding to Canada he was detained on duty at Bordeaux, and on its completion joined the 2nd Bat.—he rejoined the Regt in 1815 which had been selected to form part of the Army of Occupation in France. After the breaking up of the Army he accompanied the Regt. to England where it remained till 1821 when it was ordered to St. Helena and finally to the Cape of Good Hope,—while there he held the commands of the Frontier and of Simons Town. In 1826 he embarked for Bombay and on arrival took command of the Regt. On the embarkation of the Regt. for field Service in Cutch he was appointed to the command of the 1st. Brigade and on the departure of Col. Napier for Europe to that of the whole Force. In 1826 the Regt. returned to Bombay, when the Command of the Garrison was conferred upon him by the Governor in which Situation he continued up to the period of his sudden and lamented Death.

His Remains were attended to the Grave by His Excellency Sir Thos. Bradford Commander in Chief K. C. B. as chief mourner the Staff of the Army, and all the officers of the Garrison as also by many of the Civilians of the Presidency.

At St. Helena, in the month of May last, on his way to England Captain N. Hunter, of the Madras Horse Artillery. His indefatigable zeal and honest sincerity,—which characterized the meritorious career of this excellent officer are too well known, to stand in need of any eulogium, from the humble pen of the present Writer His regular and exemplary discharge of the duties of his profession, reflect the highest credit on his character as an officer for such was his zeal that he persevered with unshaken Constancy in the exercise of his public duties even while labouring under the accumulated pressure of sickness and infirmities.

To the inestimable character of a *true Soldier* irreproachably sustained during an active service of *seventeen* years—Capt. Hunter added virtues in his private life which endeared him to his friends, and procured the respect and esteem of all who had the happiness of knowing him. His loss has left a chasm in the society of his friends that will not be easily filled up; strict in duty and benevolent in the society of his Corps, the recollection of him can never fail to excite in their breats a sigh of regret to his memory.

On Saturday evening, the 6th instant, after an illness of three hours, Mary the infant daughter of the late Mr. Kempt; aged 3 years and 6 months. She was a lovely and interesting child, the loss of whom has caused an additional pang to the already deeply afflicted heart of her bereaved and surviving parent.

CALCUTTA.

MARRIAGES.—At Calcutta. on the 17th September, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend Joseph R. Henderson, Junior Presidency Chaplain, Mr. W. H. Mapleton, to Miss Anna Henry.

At Calcutta, on the 22d September, at the Cathedral, by the Reverend Joseph R. Henderson, Junior Presidency Chaplain Mr. Samuel Stevens, Mariner, to Miss Mary Gomes

BIRTH.—At Calcutta, on the 23d September, Mrs. W. . Ryner, of a Son.

DEATHS.—At Calcutta, on the 16th September, Emelia, Von Lintzgy, Daughter of Mr. Charles Frederick Von Lintzgy, aged 14 months

At Calcutta, on the 19th September, Charles Von Lintzgy, Son, of Mr. Charles Frederick Von Lintzgy, aged 2 months.

At Calcutta, on Thursday evening, the 20th September, Captain Charles Cowan, aged 36 years, of the Ship Venus, returning from Sulkeah to the said Ship about half past 8 P. M. in a Budgelah Thereunto, of the New Mud Boat, and sunk immediately. Three of the Dandies were picked up, but Captain Cowan and the remainder of the boat's crew were never heard of since.

At the School Bungalow, Dum Dum, on the morning of the 21st September, James Andrew Graham Robertson, only Son of Mr. James Robertson, Head School Master at that Station.

At Calcutta, on the 22d September, Ann Sophia Crahley, Daughter of Mr. Robert Godlieb, Crahley, aged 2 months.

MADRAS.

BIRTH.—At the Presidency on Friday, morning, the 28th September, the Lady of Captain Fulton, Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, Southern Division, of a daughter.

At Chicacole, on the 23d September, the Lady of Major J. Ogilvie, of the 30th Regiment or Chicacole Light Infantry, of a Son.

At the Presidency, on the 1st of October, the Lady of R. Sladen, Esq Medical Storekeeper, Twin-Sons.

DEATH.—At Vizianagrum, on the evening of the 31st September, Ensign Forbes Brodie, M'Leod, of the 12th Regiment N. I. deeply regretted by his Brother Officers.

Madras.

CURRENT VALUE OF
GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.
Wednesday, September 29.

Six per Cent Bengal Remittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....28 *Premium.*
At a Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz. 106½ Madras Rupees per 100 Sicca Rupees.....26 *Premium*

Five per Cent Bengal Unremittable Loan.
At the Rate of Subscription, viz. 350 Madras Rupees per 335 Sicca Rupees.....½ *Premium*
At the Rate prevailing among Merchants and Brokers in buying and selling Public Securities, viz. 106½ Madras Rupees per 100 sicca Rupees 24 *Discount.*

Calcutta.

CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY. Calcutta, SEPTEMBER 20, 1827. SELL.
Prem. 26 0 Remittable Loans 6 per Cent: 26 0 Prem.
Disc. 0 4 Old 5 per Cent. Loan..... 0 10 Disct.
Do....0 2 New 5 per Cent. Loan..... 0 6 Do.

RATES OF EXCHANGE.

BUY. CALCUTTA. SELL.
1s. 11 On London 6 Months sight, per Sa. Rs. 1 1½.
On Bombay 30 Days ditto, per 100 Bombay Rs 86.
On ditto. 92 a 93 Sa. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees

BANK OF BENGAL RATES.

Discount on Government and Salary Bills 4 0 } p. C.
Ditto on Private Bills.....6 0 }
Interest on Loans on Deposit.....5 0 } p. C.

BANK SHARES.

BUY PREMIUM SELL
Bank Share prem. 5,000 to 52,00

In spite of all the obstructions thrown in its way by the rancour of bigotry, and the hostility of aristocratical prejudice, the foundation of the London University has been duly laid with those solemnities which are usual on such important occasions, and which, prescriptive usage and the intention born in view, are generally considered as sacred from ridicule.

A Sunday Paper, however, which has been consistently vituperative of the whole scheme from the beginning, breathes its own peculiar spirit over the whole proceedings, misrepresenting and reviling that which he cannot prevent the establishment of.

The great and laudable objects especially aimed at by the coarse shafts of this Ultra scorner, are "the spread of intelligence and the enlightenment of the people." He is most welcome to laugh at this very amusing topic as much as he likes; but so long as that which is railed at is not ridiculous in itself, he may be considered as the saying goes, as laughing on the wrong side of his mouth,

While alluding to the mallet used by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN in founding St. Paul's Cathedral being also used on this occasion, the good natured philanthropic writer applies a quotation from Hamlet—"To what *base* uses we may return, Horatio." And to what *base* purposes will bigotry make men turn their talents to, Horatio! The following is a very decorous description of the ceremony of laying the foundation stone of the University—the same, by the way, that was observed on laying the foundation of St. Paul's itself, and innumerable other sacred edifices.

"However, off went the men's hats, down went the stone, and knock went the mallet—one fool poured a little drop of [illegible] one hole, another goose doled half-a-dozen wheat-ears into another hole, a third wasted a

(*Continued in the Appendix.*)

BOMBAY.—PRINTED FOR THE *PROPRIETORS*, BY THOMAS RIGBY, IN BELL LANE No. 7.

WHERE ADVERTISEMENTS, ESSAYS, POETICAL PIECES, ARTICLES OF INTELLIGENCE &c. &c. WILL BE THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Gentlemen about to change their stations are requested to give notice to the PRINTER who will pay due attention to their orders.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE BOMBAY GAZETTE.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 17TH 1827.

Foreign News

The Paris papers of Friday, with the *Etoile*, dated Saturday, were received, last night, by Express. The letter from Lyons will be thought perhaps by some, more interesting that pleasant; but we have no doubt that the same proofs of reviving manufacture will speedily press on the eye of the observer of home, as well as of foreign prospects. Indeed, its revival in other States, we look on as a proof that it has revived here—England is, in this respect, the great heart of the world, and the acceleration or retardation of her mighty pulse is felt, not only along the wider and more direct channels, but through the smallest ramifications that wind their way to the utmost extremities of commercial enterprise. We subjoin a few extracts:—

(From the Etoile, dated Saturday, June 2.)

PARIS JUNE 1.—Extract of a letter from Lyons, dated May 27:—"I arrived at Lyons a few days ago, and have had the satisfaction of finding the silk manufactories much more busy than they have been for a long time past; all the good workmen were employed, and there is reason to hope that this state of things will continue. A great number of new buildings which were begun and discontinued, are now going to be finished; in short, the present situation of the affairs of this great city, allows us to give a triumphant answer to the perpetual detractors of the administration, who continually give such a gloomy and incorrect picture of our commerce."

The King of Naples has followed the example of the French Government, in disbanding his National Guard. As a curious contrast to this mode of proceeding, the King of the Netherlands has just issued an order for the organization of the *Gardes Communales*; these guards, intended chiefly for the maintenance of the public peace, are, like the National Guards in France, to be composed of the *elite* of the citizens in all the communes where the population exceeds 2,500 souls.

Bell's Weekly Messenger, May 21.

JUNE 7.—The *Moniteur* of Monday, with the *Etoile* dated Tuesday, arrived last night, by Express. The other Paris Journals did not appear on Monday, on account of the Holiday. His Most Christian Majesty has conferred the honour of Knight Commander of the French Orders upon several Peers. They were proclaimed on Sunday, by order of the King. The Pope, amongst other appointments to vacancies, has nominated the Bishops to fill the Sees of Bogota, Venezuela, Quito, Santa Martha, and Cuenca, in South America. This may be accepted as a proof that the endeavours of the New American States to propitiate his Holiness have not been made in vain.

Greece.

We received last night German Papers, from which we make the following extracts:—

CONSTANTINOPLE, APRIL 26.—(From a letter written by a Greek.)—The second division of the fleet has now left this port. News has been received from the Archipelago, that the two Greek National Assemblies have united. A Committee, consisting of nine Members, has undertaken the management of affairs till the arrival of Count CAPO D'ISTRIA, who is chosen President, Lord COCHRANE is appointed High Admiral, and all the Greek ships are declared national property. Fifty of them were immediately placed under the command of the High Admiral. The latest accounts from Smyrna affirm that the Acropolis of Athens is at length delivered. This event, so important to the Greeks, seems, at least, to be alluded to in the following

"PROCLAMATION OF LORD COCHRANE.

"GREEKS!—Your most dangerous enemy—discord—is overcome. Your task is now more easy. The Youth of Greece flock from all quarters to take arms. The fate of the citadel of Athens is no longer doubtful; for, as the besiegers are besieged, as the conveyance of provisions is hindered, and the defiles occupied, the retreat of the enemy is impossible. The deliverance of the classic soil of Athens, which Providence has destined once more to become the seat of freedom, science, & art, is already secured. But, Greeks, the accomplishment of this object must not be followed by repose. Do not sheath your swords so long as the furious Turk has in his power a share of the sacred soil, which was once the property of your forefathers. May the heroes of the sea rival those of the land with equal glory, and hasten on board their ships. If your independence and rights should be denied you, let them blockade the Hellespont, and carry the war into the enemy's country. Then the inhuman Sultan, the lawless murderer of his subjects—the bloodthirsty tyrant of the Greeks, will be annihilated by his own people; then will the Musselman power fall of itself; then, and not till then, the holy standard of the cross will again wave over the sacred dome of St. Sophia, and a new Greece be erected on the foundation of independence and law. The renowned cities will be rebuilt, and the splendour of future ages rival that of the past. But do not hope, O Greeks! that this object will be attained by your country, unless you all all hasten to its defence.

(Signed) "COCHRANE,
High-Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the "Greek Naval Forces.

The Morning Chronicle, May 28.

MAY 29.—A German Correspondent writes to the *Augsburg Gazette* that it has been proposed to place Count Capo d' Istria at the head of the Greek Government; that it was contemplated at the time of the conferences at St. Petersburgh between the Duke of Wellington & Count Nesselrode; & that the late departure of that old Minister for St. Petersburgh, after having received the news of the union of the two Greek Assemblies, was doubtless for the purpose of learning what might be passed in the present circumstances of Greece and Russia. A postcript announces that news had just been received, by way of Marseilles, of the arrival of Lord Cochrane in the vicinity of Navarino; adding, that he had already captured several Turkish and Egyptian vessels.

Frankfort Papers, to the 31st ultimo, were received yesterday morning. At Odessa, reports were said to have been circulated at Constantinople, early in the last month, that Lord Cochrane had already achieved some great success in the service of the Greeks; but no particulars are attempted to be given.

Odessa, May 16.—The latest accounts from Constantinople, which are of the 8th of this month, say, that reports were in circulation there, that Lord Cochrane had already struck a great blow. But as neither time nor place could be stated, it is best to wait for the confirmation of this intelligence.

English News.

Viscount Dudley and Ward in the House of Lords and Mr. Canning in the Commons on the 7th June, submitted a Message from his Majesty, announcing that having deemed it expedient to provide for any additional expenses which may arise from his Majesty's forces in Portugal, he trusted his faithful Commons would make provision for any extraordinary expenses that might occur. The message having been read, Mr. Canning stated that it was to this expected communication he alluded the other evening, when he spoke of a vote of Credit of £500,000. The Message was to be taken into consideration on the following evening.

CITY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.—There has been but little business in the English Funds to-day, the fluctuations trivial; and, upon the whole, the appearance of the market has been flat. Several rumours have been in circulation, which have, in all probability, tended to produce this heaviness. The affair between Turkey and Greece, has again been the general subject of conversation.

The rumours from France are of a discouraging nature. The censorship is again to be resumed, which will create, (it is said) great dissatisfaction throughout the kingdom. The Marshals, and several of the Nobility, feel excessively hurt at the determination of Austria not to acknowledge the titles obtained by the different generals in the wars under Buonaparte, and have expressed themselves very warmly upon the subject. In the neighbourhood of Lyons considerable distress prevails, in consequence of the immense increase of the stocks of manufactured goods, which were made expressly for the English market, and not taken. The effect produced is described as similar to the shock we experienced in our manufacturing towns in 1826.

The New Times, June 4.

We are happy to find that the speech on the Budget has been generally approved by all our contemporaries, whose approbation is praise. Its tone is, indeed, so singularly moderate, its statements so perspicuous, and its anticipations—for professions it has none—so subdued, that without that "strong delusion" of party, which can make men "believe a lie," it would be difficult, from its commencement to its termination, to find a position whereon to raise an argument against it. Some objections have, indeed been hinted against the issue of Exchequer Bills; but when the issue is to be so very limited—only about 12 per cent. in addition to the quantity already in the market—and when it is considered how much less injurious must be any temporary fluctuation in a small fund of 23 millions, than in a fund of such magnitude as the three per cents, in which a loan must have been made—we think that any theoretical objections to the issue of Exchequer Bills in general, will not, in this isolated case, be allowed to weigh much. Something has also been said on Mr. Canning's account of the advantages that have accrued from the "dead weight." We confess that we are not quite initiated into all the mysteries of the working of that plan; but to understand its principle, and to see the justice of the Right Honourable Chancellor of the Exchequer's induction, if we grant his *data*, does not require much sagacity, nor extent of observation. The dead weight is neither more nor less than the converting of a large annuity for a small number of years into a small annuity for a greater number of years. It acts on the ordinary mechanical principle—it gains in power, and loses in space. If we had continued on the old system, we must have raised taxes to meet its demands. By going into the we new were enabled to take off taxes, which must otherwise have remained on—Since the commencement of the new system, says Mr. Canning, those taxes which we were, in consequence of adopting it, enabled to take off, have amounted to more, by 500,000 £. than the charge consequent on the dead weight has. We have therefore, saved 6[illegible]0,000l by the adoption of the dead weight. We confess we do not see any thing contradictory or unintelligible in this. The sterling merit of the speech, however, we think, lies in its plain, manly, intelligible statements, in the absence of all that can produce despondency on the one side, while the situation of our finances is bared with a firm but decisive hand, and in the absence of all that can produce false confidence on the other, while the energies of the country, and the hopes of the country, are exhibited in faithful and full, but not aggravated, proportions. Mr. Canning talks of retrenchment, and, we believe, it is his wish, and the wish of every Member of the Cabinet, to carry retrenchment into every department of Government, where it can, with honour or safety, be carried. This must, be a most gratifying assurance to the great mass of the people of England, who have small interest in Ministerial changes, except in so far as they bear on their comforts.

HIS MAJESTY continues in pretty good health, but is still unable to receive on the throne the numerous congratulatory addresses which had been voted on his recent choice of Ministers. *June 8.*

The TURNER Divorce Bill passed the House of Lords on the 7th of June.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF WURTEMBERG arrived in London on the 5th of June, and was received at St. James's by HIS MAJESTY in person. A splendid cavalcade, headed by the DUKE OF CLARENCE, attended HER MAJESTY from Greenwich.

MR. LAMBTON has returned to Town completely recovered

The Thames Tunnel continues full of Water—all attempts to reduce the rush through the aperture have failed—a final effort is preparing by sinking a Coffer-dam over the leak.

The revival of trade in all parts of the Country continues unabated, and exportation is going on to an enormous extent. *June 8.*

Caledonian Mercury, June 7, 1827.

It was lately, as our readers are aware, very currently reported that a number of new Peers were to be created. Several Scotchmen were named, and, among the rest, Lord B. and Sir G. W. The former is the intimate personal friend of Mr. Canning, and, therefore, no body wondered at his rumoured elevation; but what the pretensions of the latter might be defied all powers of divination—Be this as it may, however, the Minister's declaration in the House of Commons quashed the report, and it speedily died away! but, strange to say, it has revived, and people persist in asserting that some thing is again on the tapis, at least respecting Lord B.—The Duchess of G. is said to have inquired into the truth of the fresh rumour, when she was informed that nothing of the kind had been proposed, and that Canning, though he had contrived to unwhig the Whigs and untory the Tories, durst not venture to elevate Lord B. to the peerage. Whatever some scribblers may pretend, there is really, after all, no such thing as absolute power.

SIR RUFANE DONKIN AGAINST LORD C. SOMERSET.

A Letter on the Government of the Cape of Good Hope.

By Lieutenant-General Sir RUFANE DONKIN.

There is a sort of operative animal, the especial growth of our oligarchical system, that has at all times been more or less mischievous but which the more general diffusion of information, and consequent ability to estimate the extent of the nuisance, are beginning to render unendurable. We allude to a class composed of the junior branches of the more opulent, influential, and lofty families of our Aristocracy. We regard indeed the birth of the younger son of a Duke or a Marquis who has eight or ten boroughs in possession, as a national misfortune, seeing, that however unfit for office, he is born to serve his country; or, in other words, to abstract some thousands a-year from the public revenue, sometimes for doing nothing, which is bad; and at others, for doing mischief, which is worse. It is mortifying enough to hear a Lord Chief Justice [Best] advocate the propriety of yielding the *pas* to these Noble aspirants in the Army, Navy, and the Church, to the constant supercession of seniority and merit; but the casuistry is truly repulsive when extended to the appropriation of offices which are connected with the present and future well-being of thousands, and even with national prosperity itself. For these, the Lord Johns and Lord Williams, as a body, may be deemed by habit and education the most unfit in the world; and especially when, as in colonial governments, much *is* and something *must be* left to individual discretion. Disposed at home to regard place, authority, and emolument, as their right by inheritance, these Lordlings usually assume a double portion of arrogance where there is little that can effectually oppose them. It cannot be supposed that it is intended to maintain, that an able cadet of rank may not now and then arise to form an exception to this rule; but the exception should be very strongly established indeed, before a man whose education, connexion, and primary associations, are all in their nature uncongenial, should be obtruded into situations where to act erroneously is not to produce present mischief only, but to entail a series of consequences which may reach remotest posterity.

The pamphlet, the title of which heads this article, supplies some details which strikingly confirm the justice of our preceding observation. The manner in which the name of Lord Charles Somerset has long been coupled with the sufferings, complaints, and discontent of a large proportion of the inhabitants of the Cape of Good Hope, if it has fallen short of proving him guilty of all the caprice and oppression which have been laid to his charge, had previously settled our opinion of his extreme unfitness for the trust reposed in him. There may be more or less truth in popular charges against an individual in office, but there are some which can never be advanced against a wise, and others that can scarcely assail a truly honourable, man. It is easy to understand how the supercilious unbending brother of an ultra Tory Duke may be repulsive, unpleasant, opposed to popular privileges, unfriendly to the press, and so on. The education and habits of the man are here in fault; he should not have been appointed to the office—that is all; but when we learn that he employs *espionnage*, is a profitable horse-dealer, and dabbler in petty and malignant persecution, a merciless sacrificer of the profit and well-being of thousands to his jealousy, his resentment, and his whims,—without taking everything asserted for granted—we involuntarily conclude that he is not adapted to govern his fellow-creatures. The letter of Sir Rufane Donkin, although to a certain degree *exparte*, is grounded upon documents which establish points in reference at once to temper, conduct, and capacity, which induce us to rejoice that a Minister who has so long protected a display of them, is no longer in office. Our colonial management is discreditable at best, but the pranks which have been recently played at the Cape of Good Hope are of an especial kind, and exhibit that insolent reliance on family interest and home protection, which demonstrate in the strongest possible way the danger of placing the destination of rising colonies and establishments under Aristocratical auspices of this description. It is bad enough to give a Lord Charles 10,000. per annum, when an able Lieut. Governor can be had for 5,000*l*.; it is still worse to give him double wages for acting unwisely and unwell.

The case unfolded by Sir Rufane Donkin may be thus briefly described:—He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor in the absence of Lord Charles Somerset on a visit to England, and proceeded under impressions and recommendations to exercise his *independent* authority in a vigilant and economical administration of the affairs of the colony. The location and settlement at New Albany, and foundation of two towns named Bathurst and Fredericsberg, particularly signalized his administration; and, *prima facie*, there appears nothing to account for the extraordinary enmity displayed to him on the return of Lord Charles Somerset, other than a public reprimand,

which he had been under the necessity of bestowing upon Major Henry Somerset, his son, who, in the spirit of his family assumption, had despised his authority, and rendered notice absolutely necessary. Whatever the cause of personal offence, the resumption of authority by Lord Charles, on his return to his government, was marked with extreme rudeness to Sir Rufane Donkin, even to the refusal of all personal communication with him. A letter of approbation, transmitted to that officer by Lord Bathurst, which reached the Cape after his departure, never found its way to him, until, hearing of its existence, he spiritedly demanded its production. To the ruin of numbers, and the dismay of all concerned, the new towns of Bathurst and Fredericsberg were destroyed, for what reason, except spleen and enmity to himself, Sir Rufane appears ignorant; and to crown all, a garbled charge follows him to Europe in respect to certain informal grants of land—a charge which he professes to have answered altogether satisfactorily, with the exception of one grant, to the aforesaid Major Henry Somerset, which was *not* included in that statement! But take his own words:—

"I met the 112 accusations at once in the face, and gave in my justification of the *principles* on which I had acted. There is not not one of those grants which I would not make over again, on principle, save and except only the grant to Major Henry Somerset, who, as Deputy Landdrost of Albany, in reporting it officially to me, made such a Report as misled me, and induced me to make a grant to him, which I have admitted to have been improper and unjustifiable. Yet this is the *very grant* which Lord C. Somerset thinks proper to leave out of a paper meant to enlighten the Secretary of State on the nefarious practices of my corrupt administration."

This, and the halt of the approving dispatch are conclusive of the order of mind and resentment thus displayed; but this is simply an affair between two individuals, and amounts to private injury alone. Neither does the subsequent cool treatment of Sir Rufane Donkin by the very Lord Bathurst who had spontaneously praised him, imply anything more. The letter-writer, however, by no means stops here; his more important object is to show that, *however* actuated, whether by resentment or jealousy, the manner in which Lord Charles Somerset undid all that had been doing by a Governor acting under the authority of the Crown, and in the face of its approval, was oppressive, unauthorized, unjust, and injurious; and he certainly brings documents to countenance the assertion. He further compares the expensive and burthensome measures and expenditure of Lord Charles Somerset with his own; and shows what the Government and the Colony have lost by the change. He glances also at certain horse and cattle dealings of a most curious description; and narrates some arbitrary acts and proceedings in regard to removals and appointments, which are remarkably illustrative. Lastly, he announces his intention to get into Parliament if possible, in order to bring the conduct of Lord Charles Somerset before the House; partly, and in the first instance, to protect and defend himself, but subsequently in consequence of the earnest request of the numerous victims of that Governor's policy, who having learnt his ill-treatment, have naturally enough sought to induce him to represent that of the many ruined colonists and settlers who have fallen a sacrifice to similar pride, spleen, and wrong headedness.

We have given more space to this notice, because, leaving the representations of Sir Rufane Donkin to be judged of by his testimony and authorities, we regard one general inference as undeniable—we mean the appropriation of colonial governments to men whose known prudence, principle, and ability, have not established some forcible claims to employment. We cannot afford to bribe borough proprietors with the sacrifice of the property and prosperity of confiding thousands; to say nothing of the execrable consequences of a display of intimidation, *espionnage*, and favouritism, of a nature to make an English colonist the most servile and intriguing of slaves. The manner in which Colonel Bird, apparently one of the most manly and candid of official persons, seems to have suffered for being simply honourable, and impartial in his conduct between the splenetic Lord and the objects of his resentment, exhibits a sad picture of the deleterious influence of Aristocratical arrogance of this description, and unfortunately several others have shared the inconvenience with Colonel Bird. Sir Rufane Donkin, however, is clearly a man who is not to be extinguished with impunity; and we have reason to believe that an *exposé* is preparing, which even the borough of Monmouth, linked to all the rest of the Beaufort dependencies, will not be entirely able to smother, and which, if it cannot undo perpetrated mischief, may hold up its authors to merited contempt. This pamphlet is lively and well written, and ought to be read by all who are anxious to become acquainted with the nature of much British colonial misrule.

Q.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—A question much canvassed in political circles is—whether or not the Duke of Wellington has been guilty of ingratitude towards the King by his late petulant resignation? The following statement of favours granted to the Duke and his family may tend to elucidate the inquiry:—

	Per annum.
Duke of Wellington, by various grants, Ordnance, Commander-in-Chief, Tower, Regiment of Guards, Plymouth	£50,000
Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland	30,000
Lord Maryborough, stag hounds	4,000
Sir Henry Wellesley, Ambassador at Vienna	12,000
Dean Wellesley, Chancery livings	5,000
The Duke's three nieces married	—
Lord Burghersh, Ambassador at Florence	6,000
Lord F. Somerset, Secretary at Ordnance	4,000
Sir Charles Bagot, Ambassador at the Hague	12,000
	£123,000

The Times, May 12.

THE KING AND THE CATHOLIC QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

Sir—Unconnected with party, but having some regard for the Constitution of my country, I cannot forbear noticing the frequent allusions made by certain individuals to the asserted opinions of his Majesty on the Catholic Question as a practice equally disloyal and dishonest. The public can know nothing of the sentiments of the Sovereign, excepting as he authorises his Ministers to disclose them, advisedly and officially; and it is no trifling act of factious disloyalty, to endeavour to render a King unpopular among a large portion of his people, by ascribing to him opinions, which in his regal capacity, he has never promulgated. It is time to remind the public, that the circulators of these pretended opinions of his Majesty found their claim to belief on an avowed breach of private confidence, and of the most sacred obligations. Can any reflecting man, not blinded by party-rage, accept such evidence? Evidence, which sets out by declaring itself to originate in betrayed confidence, and and opposed to which stands the indisputable fact, that at the present moment, and throughout his reign, the King, far from making himself the partisan of irrevocable opinions, has adopted the middle course of selecting Cabinets, disunited on the Catholic Question; probably, because his Majesty happens to know that his people are themselves divided on that very complicated and important measure of police and state. In the last instance, the King placed at the head of the Administration a Noble Lord, who was known to be individually adverse to the claims of the Catholics; in the present instance, his Majesty refuses to make Mr. Canning's avowed individual support of that measure an obstacle to his becoming the successor of Lord Liverpool; and then, for the first time, and with this proof of impartiality before their eyes, the British public are to be persuaded, on the authority of some boasted violation of private confidence, that the King is, like his calumniators, a declared party man. As a loyal subject, I must be permitted to contrast the conduct of my Sovereign—his known liberality, his kindness of heart, his experience, his sound practical judgment, his exalted views of the duties and the dignity of his high office—with the unauthorized assertions of men who make no scruple to bandy about the Royal name for their own purposes. That the King is tender of the interests of the Established Church of England, because he believes its stability to be interwoven with the happiness and prosperity of the country, no one can doubt; that his Majesty may have declared his determination to do nothing which can, in the opinion of his people and his Parliament, prejudice the National Church—and that, in the haste of private conversation, he may not have guarded & qualified his expressions as he would have done, if he had suspected that the words which fell from his lips would be carried and made use of elsewhere, is equally credible—that in his paternal regard for the public tranquillity, the Sovereign deprecates the frequent agitation of a question surrounded with many difficulties, until time and circumstances shall have softened down prejudices on the one hand, & irritation on the other—until his people are prepared to look upon each other as friends and fellow-subjects—until the pernicious ravings of angry and interested bigots on both sides of the question have lost their influence, and the consideration of the Catholic Claims can be approached with the calmness and deliberation which prudence and the dearest interests of the country require, *may* be believed of George the Fourth, because it, is worthy of him, as a great King, and in harmony with all his past conduct. But where is the proof that the King has pledged himself to oppose or to support the wishes of the Catholics? Nowhere. And while I thus endeavour to collect the opinions of the King from the evidence of facts, and reject unauthorised assertions, which take a breach of honour for their basis I turn again to the evidence of facts, and find that the prudent policy, which I have ascribed to my Sovereign, is in strict unison with that line of conduct, which, as statesmen and as patriots, Mr. Canning and my Lord Lansdown might, from their past professions, and their past conduct, have been expected to adopt. They will endeavour to convince, by fair argument, and candid discussion, and will not insist on doing that arbitrarily, as a Cabinet measure, which, to be done well, must first be made popular; *they* will not seek to commit their Royal Master? *they* will not seek to entrap the Heir Presumptive of the Throne, by any public and absolute pledge to uphold their sentiments on the Catholic Question, and thereby to secure to themselves the reversion of perpetual office; *they* neither desire to shelter their own ministerial responsibility, by converting the Royal Diadem into a shield, and exposing it to the hatred of millions, to protect themselves, nor do they desire to force upon the people measures which they would gladly see adopted, which they have long laboured to recommend, to explain, and to vindicate—which they think beneficial, but for which the country is not ripe—measures to which, perhaps, a majority of the people of England will, for a short time, continue to be opposed, in consequence of the persevering and successful efforts and misrepresentations, of a party, which does not scruple to tell the public that the sentiments and policy of the King are not to be collected from his conduct or his character, but from their own unauthenticated & not very disinterested statements. No King of England can hope to retain his credit with his people, if that credit is to be placed at the mercy of loose rumours and assertions, to which every one may add something to his fancy, his interests, his prejudice, or his malice. All we know for certain is, that the King acknowledges no principle but the good of his people; and that if his Majesty is to be judged, like other men, by his actions, or like other Kings, by his authorized communications to his subjects through his Ministers, it may fairly be inferred, that on the Catholic Question the opinions of the Sovereign are suspended for the present, and that he is calmly waiting the course of events, to clear his way to a safe conclusion.

May 23, 1827. RUSTICUS.

Sir W. Dixie, Bart.—In the Court of King's Bench on Wednesday, Mr. Denman moved on behalf of this gentleman, that he might be discharged on bail in the country, being too ill to be brought up to London by *Habeas Corpus*. The defendant had been committed to his Majesty's gaol for Leicestershire, to take his trial at the next Assizes, upon a charge of a very serious nature, respecting one of his own female children. The ground of this application was, that there was no presence for this most serious and unnatural imputation, and that it was made at the instance of the Baronet's brother-in-law, a clergyman, with whom he had some disputes respecting the mode of bringing up his children. The transaction in question was supposed to have taken place on the 25th of March last, and no steps had been taken respecting it until the present month of May. The Baronet's servants now made affidavits, declaring their ignorance of any such transaction, and that if it took place they must have had some knowledge of it, and that in their belief the charge was made without any pretence. There was also the affidavit of a medical gentleman, stating, that the defendant was too ill to be safely removed to London. The Lord Chief Justice, after consulting with the other Judges, said, "Take a writ of *Certiorari*, and let there be a Rule served upon the prosecutor to show cause why the defendant should not be bailed in the country."

Bell's Weekly Mess.—May 28.

Suicide.—An attorney named Breckelt, residing at No. 12 Kirby-street, Hatton garden, threw himself out of the attic window, on Saturday afternoon, and was so dreadfully injured that he died the same night.

Literature.

The Author of the political Satire, called "May Fair," is said to be the same Noble Lord whose attacks upon and exposure of the intrigues relating to the Church in Ireland, in a recent publication, we have frequently alluded to,

May Fair. 12mo. pp. 174. London, 1827. Ainsworth.

As we believe we are in possession of the first copy of this piquant and pleasant poem, we place our notice of it in the front of the week's battle. The versification is smooth and flowing, the ideas playful and satirical—and the exhibition of the world of fashion that of an adept and clever painter. Who the author is, we know not; but he appears to us to understand his subject well, to have mixed with the people whom he describes, and to have a perfect acquaintance with the upper circles of what is called life in the gayer seasons of London.

Having said these few words by way of preface, we shall no farther detain the public from May Fair; but afford it sufficient examples, by which it *may* form a *fair* judgment upon the work, and upon the talents of its clever and spirited author.

The cantos are severally dedicated to various persons (male and female) of rank in the community: the first to Lord Holland, and throws a very keen *coup d' œil* over some of his lordship's contemporaries in both houses.

"How often, in your evening chair,
I've seen your honest bosom bare;
When, circled by the chosen set,
Forgetting man was made to fret;
Glad as a school-boy from his task,
You toss't aside the day's dull mask;
Cared not a doit for all the dirt
Of Whig and Tory, out or in;
But as the glass its circuit ran,
Forgot the statesman in the man,

Then, as the unsought memories rose,
Discuss'd the mighty in repose,
Or touch'd in smiles the stuff that passes
For wisdom in our world of asses;
Gave in your own unrivall'd way
The fierce formality of G——;
Old Gr-nv-lle's triple-sentenced talk,
Like skim-milk thicken'd up with chalk.
(Alike his lordship's talk and tail
Descended to the nearest male.)
The nonsense Lord George gets by rote,
Fit preface to his annual vote.
Old Ba-g's glance of fear and wonder,
When out bursts L——'s tide of blunder;
The conflict of the parts of speech,
When D—— rises—'to impeach,'
That emblem of a worn-out rattle,
That stirs but never shares the battle.
The true prize-ox en speech and looks
That shews us to the life—the duke;
Or, giving all thy frolic swing,
Received Joe Miller in Joe K——.
The sap-dried brain put out to nurse,
The pun for better or for worse;
The floundering tale, the desperate joke,
The economic plan of smoke,
Till laughter half-convulsed the ring,
And, all but conscience, there sat K——.

Thus, admitted of thy crew,
Have I sat till midnight flew;
Those delights which thou canst give,
With thee, H——d, will I live.
And with me among thy peers,
May'st thou live those thousand years!

Now, thou fattest, best of men,
Smile upon thy poet's pen."

A description of May Fair itself follows, which we quote as a very racy specimen of the whole.

"Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!
There Greatness breathes her native air;
There Fashion in her glory sits,
Sole spot still unprofaned by cits.
There all the mushroom, trading tribe
In vain would bully or would bribe
The Rothschilds', Coutts' Goldmid's, Baring's
In other spots must have their pairings,
We fix your bounds, ye rich and silly,
Along the road by Piccadilly;
Convenient spot for the approaches
Of cousins who keep hackney-coaches;
And duly (if the Sunday's fine)
Come down to pudding and port wine;
Or drop, like pigeons from a cage,
Six insides from the shilling stage.

Hail! seat of her that earliest stole
Just half my heart and all my soul!
Thou real of all my Jersey's glories,
Sovereign alike of Whigs and Tories!

Hail now, for time the tenth, May Fair!
Though many a stable scent thy air—
Though many a butcher's glowing shambles
Startles the beauty's morning rambles—
Though to her horror many a Jew
Shews her past stockings 'goot as new'—
Though, swung from many a dyer's pole,
Old blankets to catch her eyes blue roll;
And petticoats, in league with breeches,
Increase the atmospheric riches;
A sort of upper story bower
To filter the eternal shower:
And dropping down their dingy dew,
Veneer her skin with black and blue.
Yet land of *ponch romaine* and plate,
Of dinners fix'd at half past eight;
Of morning lounge, of midnight route,
Of debt and dun, of love and gout,
Of drowsy days, of brilliant nights,
Of dangerous eyes, of downright frights,
Of tables where old Sidney shines,
Of ladies famous for their wines;
Grim countesses that make their way—
Resistless charmers!—by Tokay;
Of bold *on dit* and plain *soupcon*,
Known to all mankind but *the* one;
Of tedious M. P.'s, pursy peers,
Illustrious for their length of ears;
Of dice and doctors, Bowstreets, bards,
Crowds, concerts, chat, champaign, and cards;
Of all the S-m-rs, Br-d-lls,—Br-c s,
The St-h-p-s-, P-g-ts, G-w-rs, De-R-ses
Of faction flirting, and quadrille;—
With all thy faults, I love thee still!
And, while I have a love to spare,
Dear to my soul art thou, May Fair!"

The opening of Spring in the capital is another good general example.

"At length comes out the virgin Spring,
Still under Winter's matron wing;
While storm and shower, and sleet and dust,
Like guardians, keep her still in trust,
Now all the beau-monde wake together,
Like swallows at the change of weather;
The belles, blue, deep blue, white, and brown,*
Make up their minds and checks for town.
The young, the old, the wed, the single,
Feel through their veins the annual tingle.

All peers with hosts of *second* sons,
All baronets sick of rustic duns;
All M. P.'s with unsettled votes,
Determined to new-line their coats;
All dames who, tired of pigeon cooing,
Long to know what the world is doing;
All widows weary of their sable,
All mothers of the marriageable,
That, keen as bees about the honey,
Hunt every bush for matrimony;
Spite of the wind's and rain's embargo,

* "There is a delicate distinction between the *blue* and the *deep blue*. The former merely reads reviews, &c.; the latter writes them. The former merely falls in love with the works of poets, &c; the latter falls in love with the poets, &c. in person. The former merely attends Albemarle Street, and is content to see Mr. Brande burn his own fingers, and singe his own minutely curled periwig. The latter practises the experimental philosophy at home, burns wig and fingers at her own expense, and blows up her husband and children. S. R."

Each coming with her native cargo.
First shewn to the discerning few,
Like pictures at a private view;
All vulgar bidders being ejected,
Untill the 'gems' have been selected.
But if no high-born pencil mark it,
The sample then must play and park it;
And have its texture and its tints,
Like Urling's lace and Howell's chints,
Displayed by the attendant matrons,
On Hymen's counter, the Spring patterns;
The blonde, the bronze—so much per set—
Each ticketed a coronet,
A jointure, pin-money; of course
A sum in case of a divorce—
(No age this of the flitch of bacon)—
Not five pounds under can be taken.

* * *

Sweet Spring! let bards of thorn and thistle
Tell the tired world how black birds whistle;
How rabbits at thy summons burrow;
How cackle hens, how ploughmen furrow;
How herd on herd of hunting squires
Play all the jackass, like their sires;
How maidens, at their suit made wives,
Repent it for their natural lives;
How, like a rogue fresh 'scaped from jail,
Limps Nature, ragged, squalid, pale,
Till her full feed of sun and air
Plumps up the thin, and clothes the bare.
Such topics fit the attic-lodgers—
I know no more of fields than R-g-rs.
Now Fashion's realm is all alive—
Ah, *très heureux celui qu'y vive*—
No more around the naked square
You send your desolated stare;
Lifeless, but where some half-pay sinner
Walks, when all Christians go to dinner;
No more along five miles of street
Rings the lone echo of your feet;
No more your half-reluctant knock
Sends round the square the sudden shock,
The startled porter in the hall,
Doubts whether 'tis a human call;
And from the window, op his guard,
Inspects you ere he takes your card.
The beadle stops to reconnoitre—
Thinks that he knows your easy loiter;
And marks you, as you tread the gravel,
An old offender come from travel.
The footman, from his area grate,
Swears that you have an eye to plate—
Deems your hightair but more suspicious,
And hurries to lock up his dishes.
Ecstatic change! the desert, den,
Is peopled; all May Fair again."

The delivery of cards at doors, when this wise and sensible period has arrived, is wittily specified,

"On sweeps your cab—you make your calls:
Sow cards, broad-cast, the seed of balls;
For, if through life you'd take your fling,
A pasteboard friendship's just the thing.
'Tis quick to make, 'tis cheap to keep,
Its loss will never break your sleep;
It gives your friend no right to borrow—
If ruined, you cut him dead to-morrow,
You hear the duchess is done up—
You cast about where next to sup:
You hear the viscount's dead, or worse,
Has run his mortgage length of purse.
My lady from my lord revolted,—
In short, the whole concern has bolted;
Yet you're no party in the quarrel,
In which you're sure to gain no laurel;
And though you grieve the house is dish'd,
Where twice a-week you soup'd and fish'd;
Yet, being neither aunt nor mother,
You drop your pasteboard with another."

Among the hundred fashionable topics which the author handles, there is a humorous account of a late (prevented) duel.

"'A message!'—'Ay, the old shake-hands,
The game of questions and commands;
A drive to take a morning whet,
Then *déjeûner à la fourchette*,'

'No, faith! a genuine thing—they fought:
I rode just now to see the spot,
The whole in form,—Sir Bob, a surgeon;
Sir R-n-ld, and a—'Major Sturgeon!'
'Six round! six paces—action hot!'
'I'll eat whichever one was shot,'
'The battle early; quite a by-way;'
'Yes: noon, upon the Hounslow highway.'
'Tis true—the thing was *rather* known.'
'Right! public men are not their own;
And, whether give or take their wounds,
Should war alone on *public grounds*.'
'Spring-Soup had caught'—'Or got a hint—
That patriot who but lives in print;—
That meteor of the Irish Whigs,—
That gentleman who deals in figs;
Who, now that N-w-p-rt gets the quinsy,
With 'Emerald Isle,' and so forth, dins ye;
Gives you at second-hand the tropes
Of her incarcerated *hopes*,
And looks the look, and groans the groan,
Of her much-injured, long-hang'd Tone!
'Spring-Soup, the best man at a rub,
'Established runner of the club.'
'Flew off full speed to bring the bows!—'
'The rest the world of laughers knows.'

"Long may he live, and they to tell it,
Unsliced by crab-stick, steel, or pellet!
Long may their heirs desire their shoes!
Long may they scribble their reviews!
Long may their brains and boxes rattle!
Long may they wage the bloodless battle!
Sooner may Hymen raise a furrow,
Beneath thy ringlets, Ell-n——;
Or ——scorn to low the knee,
To thee, illustrious lord in *fee*!
Or flesh disguise the charger's bones,
That stalks thee o'er the London stones.—
S[redacted] little M-rch—n-ess
Be more adored, be talked *of* less:
Or watch her truant Lord's *démarches*,
Unaided by the Dean of Arches—
Or C——lock her Opera-box,
On hearing my Lord Marshal's knocks;
While, conscious that his reign is done,
Sulks through the evening P-lmerston—
Sooner old T-mpl-look the D-k-e,
Or hook worm Spencer read a book;
Clerk St-n-h-pe learn his shirt to button;
B-df-rd talk any thing but mutton.
Sooner may shave Northumbria's grace,
Than living man twit R——g's face;
Sooner write *poetry*, St-w-t R-s-e,
Than living man pull Sweepum's nose,'"

The second canto is addressed to Lady Jersey—

But R-g-rs says, the rub of rubs,
Is Queen of *Hearts* turned Queen of *Clubs*!

But it is in vain for, us at our short notice to endeavour to do justice to this sparkling and (we will venture to predict) popular volume; and we must content ourselves with copying out a few separable *heads*, which like asparagus, may be taken without regard to other parts of the feast, or to combination with other dishes. A dinner after a horse-race, and an *appeal* to claret shall commence these specimens.

"There, 'tis the etiquette, the winners
Ask the bedeviled to their dinners.
Oh! nights and banquets of the Gods!
What odd discussions of the odds;
What light opinions upon weights—
What cool conceptions upon heats;
What solid talk on drench and mash,
Deep things on which the wisest clash;
What lofty thoughts on hoof and heel,
Round with the brains and bottles wheel!

Claret, true Lethe of all sorrow!
Marchande of sunshines and to-morrows;
Gay doctor of all human evils—
Soft exorciser of blue devils;
Light porter of Life's heaviest loads—
Nurse of a hundred thousand odes;
Fiddle, that makes even dandies dance—
First, best ambassador of France;
With more than diplomatic art,
Fixing her interests in the heart;
Lamp, that at midnight brightest glows—
Cosmetic, that tints all with rose;
Mistress, that never jilts our flame—
Beauty, for fifty years the same.
Cheerful without, as with a carriage—
Nay, even bewitching *after* marriage;
Brush, that Life's spatters out dost rub—
Long live Queen Regent of the *club*!
There Wh-ncl-ffe counts no more his bets,
J——his mortgages forgets;
Sl-g-with 'both his hands in mortar,'
Scarce feels himself a shilling shorter;
The C-h-e-l, S-ft-en, V-r-l—
No more take measure of a pslam;
R——d no more, with hair on end,
Hears all the world refuse to lend;
Nay, even the lord of Donna Clara
Takes comfort with '*Che sara sara*.'"

The probable result of Captain Parry's expedition.

"'He takes five hundred pecks of coals!—
'No doubt he'll liquefy the poles!—
'He's ballasted with flying sledges,'—
'The saints preserve the Arctic hedges!'—
'Some gallons of Sir Humphrey's acid,'—
'Just half a pint makes ocean placid?'—
'A liquid, with a Bramah stopper,
For raising—'Brushwood upon copper.'—
'A set of patent music-boxes
To lure the buffaloes and foxes;
French watches for the Polar frows,
The new steam-acting Perkins' ploughs;
The seeds of all the favourite spices,
The last machines for making ices.'—
The cargo quite a thing of tact—
'Sir! listen, if you like a fact:
After three months' ice-parading,
After three months' masquerading,
After three months' knocks and bumps
That bring his lugger to her stumps;
After loss of pipes and spoons,
Deficit of pantaloons;
Hair breadth scapes of white bear paws,
Sentimental loves of squaws;
Just as he espied the channel,
Brought to his last yard of flannel;
All his best cigars burnt out,
Winds all whistling 'right about;'
Quarter-day you'll have him back,
With his volume in his pack.'"

An elopement to Scotland is overcharged, but very whimsical.

"Young ladies all, pray take example
From this (by no means single sample),
Of how much pleasanter 'tis dressing,
To constitute a ball-room's blessing;
Taking from every curl the papers
In sight of half-a-dozen tapers;
Giving your beauty between whiles
Those sweet anticipation smiles,
By which the bosoms of five hundred,
Ere morn, shall of their hearts be plundered.
Than sitting up without a light,
Twixt twelve and one o'clock at night;
Your way, around your chamber stealing,
O'er drawers, and trunks, and toilets reeling;
All trembling, fearing, freezing, hoping,
In preparations for eloping!
I've known the thing gone through by dozens
It happened to *my* four first-cousins.

Determined ere her passions cool,
To play the' irrevocable fool;
Just as the old ones turn their backs,
The fair her best chemises packs;
Was never midnight sent so slow—
At length the lover stands below.
The letter on the toilet lies,
To wipe the household's mourning eyes.
'Hope, anguish, duty, heart too tender—
She's sure her mother would commend her;
Chance, fate, forgive her—or forget her,'
All know the true elopement letter.

She listens at the chamber-door,
But not a soul will deign to snore;
She trembles at the window's height,
The very moon seems up in spite.
Till safe on *terra firma* landed,
By Cupid and the lover handed;
Through mantraps, spring-guns, briers, and brambles,
The pair begin their marriage rambles.
Snug in the by-way stands the chaise,
Off go the spanking pair of bays;
To Scotland turning all their noses,
That road being always strewed with roses,
Till fagged, and frighted, starved, pursued—
By bar-maids envied, grooms halloo'd;
All dust, and heat, and smoke, and smother,
Already crop-sick of each other;
Yet for true penitents decreed,
They reach that Styx of Love—the Tweed.
For England's vulgar groves and lawns,
Now Scotia's landscape on them dawns;
Beside them steals the muddy rill,
Above them towers the naked hill;
Around them vegetates the hovel,
Where brutes, both two and four-legg'd, grovel
Where lassies gay, with scarlet locks,
All innocent of shoes and smocks,
Sit grouped beneath the scanty sun,
Doing—what combs had better done!
Till shewn, in pity to their sighs,
The Smithy's sacred smokes arise;
Where shines the drunken son of Etna,
The high-priest of thy temple, Gretna,
Before him stand the culprits pale,
Dun, dusty, draggled, head and tail!
The lady like a drooping lily,
Twixt tear and smile, twixt sad and silly;
The man, a man no matter what,
Love thinks too rapidly for *thought*,
Down goes the fee, on goes the ring,
The little loves all clap the wing;
The fatal word's by Vulcan spoken,
For which they'll wish his neck were broken."

The following are at random:—

A Bachelor's Reflections.

"Woe to the gay *célibataire*,
At whom are levelled Gr-v-lle's pair!
No more in single blessedness
He wines it at the Knightsbridge mess;
No more his tumbril stops the way
Where Fashion throngs to see Perlet.
He droops neglects his tailor, dreams:
Talks pastoral, writes verse by reams;
Looks low in chin tuft and moustache;
Thinks cards a bore, and hazard rash;
Cuts all his well-dressed friends, grows mulish—
In fact, plays to the life the foolish.
You'll see the hero on his rounds,
Although the dinner-bugle sounds;
Developing, with double spine
The minnows of the Serpentine;
And sullen as if earth forget him,
Bespeaking lodgings at the bottom.
At length (for water spoils the figure)
He takes a fancy to the trigger.
Sits gravely down to make his will,
Feels, when 'tis done, he 's living still;
Thinks marriage easier of digestion—
Dresses, drives out, and pops the question!"

A Rout—a Bachelor Duke

"In pour the crowd, a lovely mob,
Gay plunderers, careless whom they rob,
There L-mb-t's eyes of liquid black
Make on the soul a fierce attack
There the last fragment of your freedom.
Is prize to thy twin sapphires N——m;
There the last scruple of your heart
Yields to thy white arm, B-u D-s-r-t;
There roams the eloquent and crazy,
Who sets her cap at Est-rh-zy;
There she, whose conquering pair of blushes
Upset the Lord of all the Russias;
There she who, frigid below zero,
Yet leads in chains our modern hero;
There she—La Grand de l'Embassade,
Soft as the pastures Belgrade;
There she, who two feet nigher heaven,
Gives heirs and happiness to L-v-n;
And she whose coy espiegle look
Wrought miracles—inspired the Duke;
When writing billet-doux with gas,
He 'told his love' on window-glass.
Who the dear modesty can blame,
That shew'd his fondness by his *flame*
Kept all his blushes hid in night,
Yet gave his secret soul to *light*,
Till every mother thought *her* Emma
Had brought him to the true dilemma;
And, as the R-g-rs pours the strain,
All read their pleasure in his *pane*?"

We now give May Fair to the public; and when it unfolds its pages, on Monday or Tuesday next, we imagine we shall have created an appetite for it, which we are sure it will not baulk. We do not mean to say that it is roast beef and plumb-pudding, or even house lamb and green peas; but it is a fashionable dish of various ingredients, tasteful, well cooked, stimulating, and gratifying. It is far above the class with which, from its subject, it may perhaps be set down; and the author, whoever he is, treating it as a trifle, has shewn himself to be a man of fine talents, humour, knowledge of the world, and wit.

Lity. Gazt.,—*May* 19.

Personal Sketches of his Own Times. by Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, &c. &c. 2 Vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON is well known to the public in more ways than one. He long flourished as a lawyer and politician in Ireland; he has since been living not in obscurity in France; and between 1809 and 1815 he published five parts of Historic Anecdotes and Secret Memoirs of the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland—a work which he now expresses his intention to finish. What it may turn out to be, we cannot foretell; but if we remember rightly, it was in its outset a fierce and furious attack upon Lord Clare, Lord Castlereagh, and others—displaying the writer rather in the light of a disappointed man. Indeed, there are some strong marks of the same feeling even in these Personal Sketches; but they are generally so smartly drawn, and contain such a fund of pleasant anecdote, that we must say we have rarely, if ever, met with a more entertaining publication. With a superabundance of Irish prejudices and partialities, for which allowances must be made by the reader;* Sir J. tells his stories in a very humorous way; and certainly the facts lose nothing in his hands. The volumes altogether form a cento of Irish characters, Irish manners, Irish adventures, Irish witticisms, and Irish opinions, for about fifty years; and a more amusing medley has seldom issued from the press. As our authority has observed little or no rule in his "rambling chronicle," so neither need we be very careful about classification. We are sure that, however we pitch our selections, we must of necessity make a laughable review: so here comes Sir Jonah. In his infancy, some more than sixty years ago, he says:—

"I have heard it often said that, at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's County was *honoured* by the gout. I have since considered that its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum-shrub—which was then universally drank in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret. My grandfather could not refrain, and therefore he suffered well;—he piqued himself on procuring, through the interests of Batty Lodge (a follower of the family who had married a Dublin grocer's widow), the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horse-loads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great House of Cullenaghmore; and no sooner did they arrive, than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the colonel's neighbouring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation. Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry: the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat*; having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months such as he did not kill. Whilst the convivials bellowed with only toe or finger agonies, it was a mere bagatelle; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country, and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then called *no joke*; and Drogheda usquebaugh, the hottest-distilled drinkable liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his former quarters. It was, indeed, counted a specific; and I allude to it the more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby. * *

"One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called 'The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William, the Dutchman;' whilst another raised a counter-toast, called 'The memory of the chestnut-horse,' that broke the neck of the same King William.* But in my mind (if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin) it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments*, as they called them."

Sir Jonah's description of his education is extremely piquant; but we must postpone its insertion, and pass to a revel in the country, during a vacation.

"Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments. My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called 'hard going,' till the weather should break up. A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin, the huntsman; and a fat cow, killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the

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* In speaking of the battle of Vinegar Hill, for example, he says, "The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies on Vinegar Hill *seemed on some spots actually elastic to the tread upon them*; while the walls of an old windmill on its summit appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of the many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels." And he thus describes the death of Colonel Walpole. "No man ever came to a violent death more unwarily! Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, an aid de-camp to Lord Camden. With somewhat of the air of a *petitmaitre*, he fluttered much about the drawing-room of the castle; but, as he had not seen actual service, he felt a sort of military inferiority to veterans who had spent the early part of their lives in blowing other people's brains out; and he earnestly begged to be entrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the county Wexford, and of writing some elegant despatches to his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant. The Lord Lieutenant most kindly indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the county Wexford, as he requested; but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or lankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether! and having got into a defile with some cannon and the Antrim regiment.—in a few minutes the colonel was shot through the head—the cannon changed masters—and most of the Antrim heroes had each a pike ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcass.—'*Sic transit gloria mundi!*'" From these the spirit in which the book is written may be surmised.

* "King William's neck was not broken; but it was said that he got a fall from a chestnut horse, which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution."

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cow became, a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop. My two elder brothers;—two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterwards a writer in India); a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster; Frank Skelton, a jester and a butt;—Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighbourhood;—and two other sporting gentlemen of the county,—composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visitors were occasionally admitted. As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty S. Stephen's day, when the '*hard goers*' partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbours were invited, to honour the commencement of what they called their '*shut-up pilgrimage.*' The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; whilst the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, whilst plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosom; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his cremona: and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation, appearances which were not doomed to be falsified. I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered: the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage matrass, and partly obscured by its own savoury steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; whilst the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite; fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shallots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hob-nobs and joyous toasts. Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favourite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbour's toast. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his fore-fingers into his ear (to aid the quaver,) gave the *view hollou!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody, *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils*, to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer! My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and, in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favourite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and master; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonised by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve, voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained;—the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number;—and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint *tally ho!* was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy. Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of *stole away*!' which rose almost up to the very roof of old Quin's cottage. At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever. The room of banquet had been rearranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting: jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed. A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner. In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curatii was re-acted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent;—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victory was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the hen-roost for the remainder of his days; and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.—Fresh visitors were introduced each successive, day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes: the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene. An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighbourhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual, wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a 'raking pot of tea,' put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humour, to such a revel as I never saw before; and, I am sure, shall never see again. When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favourite box in Bond-street; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up the palate to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive, or neutralised by a chestnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard;—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes, if they had had them at the 'Pilgrimage' in the huntsman's cot. To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation, it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice."

Our space, however, warns us for the present to abstain from stories and descriptions of any length, and to close this (our first, but by no means last) notice of Sir Jonah Barrington, with a sprinkling from the jeux d'esprits with which his work abounds.

"I recollect a Mr. Tom Flinter, of Timahoe, one of the first-class gentlemen,* who had speculated in cows and sheep, and every thing he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt, faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighbouring fair! where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told, in a few verses, by a fellow called Ned, the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great-poet*, and resided in the neighbourhood. They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:—

Dialogue between Tom Flinter and his Man.

Tom Flinter. Dick! said he;
Dick Henesey. What? said he;
Tom Flinter. Fetch me my hat; says he;
For I will go, says he;
To Timahoe. says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.
Dick Henesey. Arrah! *pay what you owe*! said he;
And *then* you may go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there says he.
Tom Flinter. Well! by this and by that! said he
Dick! *hang up my hat*! say; he."

"One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period. A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *natent* inn at Ballyroan, close to my father's; house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her, 'that his sheets had not been aired.' With great civility Moll Harding begged his honour's pardon, and said, 'they certainly were and *must* have been, *well* aired, for there was not a gentlemen came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!'"

Sir Frederick Flood "was once making a long speech to the Irish parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring 'that the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the lord lieutenant's favour,'—John Egan, who was rather mellow, and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, 'and be whipped at the cart's tail!'—And be whipped at the cart's tail!' repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amidst peals of the most uncontrollable laughter."

"I will now," continues the author, "advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish parliament." Of him he relates the following, *inter alia*. "He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, bart; and his lady, who was a 'bas bleu,' prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read 'Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire;' whereat he was so cruelly puzzled, without being in the least amused, that in his cups, he often stigmatised the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics, to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of! His perpetually bragging that Sis John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying. 'Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *older* one still, he would have given her to you.' Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology. * * * Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the union:—so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. 'Gentlemen (said he) may titter, and titter, and titter, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now: but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honourable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there are no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*.' He was a determined enemy to the French revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. 'Mr. Speaker,' said he, in a mood of this kind, 'if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There, continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, whilst he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans: 'There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallican villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may be, these honourable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, sir, the murderous *marshal-lawmen* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mincemeat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in face!' Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the Habeas corpus Suspension Bill in Ireland:—'It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker,' said he, 'to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder*.

We must now, however, finish, which we do with that prince of punsters, Lord Norbury.

"Lord Norbury," says Sir Jonah, "had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at every thing; and failing in one attempt, made another,—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler, at one of the first dinners he gave (as Lord Chancellor of Ireland) to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar, of whom he was then quite ignorant, were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got together some of his best bar remarks (for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive), to repeat to his company as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous determined at least to be entertaining. The first of his lordship's observations after dinner was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. 'After much trial,' continued his lordship, 'I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other.' Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery, and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough, no laugh being gained on either side. Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full-dressed to the cockpit, the ladies being in hoops. 'I see now, my lord,' said Toler, 'it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented.' A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent, until skaiting became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied, and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skait they always put blown bladders under their arms, and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved. 'Ay, my lord,' said Toler 'that's what we call blatheramskate * in Ireland.' His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all, and (though extremely courteous) seemed to wish us all at our respective [illegible] having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrel, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse national humour about with him,—a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. 'Mr. Garrat O'Farrell,' said the chancellor solemnly, 'I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in county Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there.' 'Yes, my lord,' said O'Farrell, 'we were very numerous; but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county.' His lordship said no more."

* "A first-class gentleman" was one of the independent yeomanry "then existing in Ireland. They were the descendants of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William, possessed about two hundred acres of land each, in fee farm, from the crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen, particularly hunters,—living at other times amongst each other, with an intermixture of their own servants, with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over any thing, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or curry-comb. The riders commonly wore buck-skin breeches, and boots well greased (blacking was never used in the country), and carried large thong whips, heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end; so that they were always prepared either to horse-whip a man, or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horse-races, hurlings, and all public meetings, (as the soldiers keep the lines at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing every body who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, every body approved of their exertions, because all the by-standers gained there-from a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merriment was always set up when a half mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper; and some of the *poets* present if they had an opportunity, roared out their verses by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen."

Miscellanea.

MR. WILLIAM COBBETT.

At a meeting held recently at the *Fox and Goose*, of the followers and admirers of Mr. Wm. Cobbett,—Sir THOMAS SWALLOWALL in the Chair,—after a due and solemn consideration, it was *resolved unanimously*,—

"That, in the present awful crisis of public affairs, there appears to this meeting no other mode of saving the country from irretrievable disgrace and utter ruin, than that of placing at the head of the Government a man eminent for wisdom, virtue, great political sagacity, sound discretion, and invincible courage:—

"That, from our own experience, and, what must be more satisfactory on such a point,—the often repeated declarations of Mr. William Cobbett himself, there is not another man in the whole kingdom who possesses both the ability and the inclination to relieve the country from the calamities with which it is now so unhappily burthened:—

"That, although there are many apparently disinterested and able persons, who affect to doubt the prodigious advantages that would arise to the nation from the official services of Mr. Wm. Cobbett, it is manifest to this meeting, that Mr. Cobbett's description of these doubters is a perfectly honest and correct one—namely, that they are a vile, selfish, corrupt, degenerate, base, and beastly set,—in other words, a band of miscreants and wretches, fit only to be cudgelled, despised, loathed, and spit upon:—

"That the entire periodical press, with one single glorious exception,—the *Register* conducted by Mr. Wm. Cobbett—is in the hands of a law hired, profligate, ill-educated, ill-favoured, chocolate-cheeked, and ragged set of garret-inhabiting ruffians, whose opposition to Mr. Wm. Cobbett arises solely from the worse than brutal envy of his superior talents and character, and the fear produced by his unrivalled exposures of their impotence, baseness, blackguardism, and knavery:—

"That therefore an humble Address be prepared and presented to the King, earnestly beseeching his Majesty to lose no time in appointing Mr. Wm. Cobbett his Prime Minister—by which appointment his Majesty may be assured the country will not only be saved from ruin, but that peace, prosperity and glory, will rapidly succeed to the frightful discord, universal suffering, and unparalleled degradation, with which the nation is now tormented and oppressed—all—(as Mr. Wm. Cobbett has so often publicly asserted, with a modesty and self-knowledge peculiarly his own),—all arising from the wilful and deplorable neglect of Mr. Wm. Cobbett's reiterated prophetic warnings and sagacious counsels.

(Signed) "THOS. SWALLOWALL, Bart.
Chairman."

[While at the above meeting, Mr. Wm. Cobbett, with his accustomed discretion and good taste, dispatched a letter to Mr. Henry Hunt, offering to smother all political differences and to forgive all personal scurrilities however numerous and gross, that existed and had passed between them; and—solely for the good of the nation at this crisis—to form a junction with him, in order to unmask and oppose the shocking, shameful, preposterous, unprecedented, venal, and unnatural *coalition* that had just taken place between Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Canning, in despite of good faith, public decency, and common consistency!—It is said that Mr. Henry Hunt at first thought this letter was a hoax; but being assured by Mr. Wm. Cobbett's messenger, as well as by a little reflection upon the conduct often before adopted by that great patriot on certain perplexing occasion, Mr. Henry Hunt, actuated by a spirit equally dignified, discreet, and disinterested, promptly acceded to the offer, and forthwith repaired to the *Fox and Goose*, where he was most graciously received by Mr. Wm. Cobbett and the Chairman. The interview between the two worthies is described as having been inconceivably novel and touching—vows of friendship were renewed—not a word was hinted of the past—all was harmonious, gentlemanly, dignified—and a writing was immediately drawn up by high contracting parties, to be dispatched to the *Morning* [illegible] "broad sheet—(any port in a storm, as Sir Thomas said)—announcing *this* Coalition as the only junction calculated to expose inconsistency, confound hypocrisy, frustrate knavery, uphold the characters of public men, satisfy the people, and save the country—Sir Thomas Swallowall and the meeting in general were in raptures at this blessed re-union—Burdett, Brougham, Hume, &c. were loudly denounced as incapables, impostors,—and the wall of the *Fox and Goose* resounded with cries of "Wm. Cobbett and Henry Hunt for ever!"]